SATURDAY NIGHT

A SCHOOL TRUSTEE TALKS BACK
by Max Braithwaite

CANADA IS A WOMAN'S WORLD

Human Guinea Pig in a Jet
by Michael Barkway

MAY 31, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 34

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cover Soldiers

IT MAY interest you to know that the pictures shown in SATURDAY NIGHT a few weeks ago (showing two camouflaged soldiers in training with the 27th Brigade in Germany) were much appreciated by the whole company of The Algonquin Regt. to which they belong.

I cut the pictures out and sent them to my son—Capt. Fred Evans of the Company—and he says the boys were particularly pleased at finding themselves material for the cover. My son assures me that all voted the pictures "Excellent" and they are now a definite part of the unit history.

These things give a lift to the morale when away from home and help to make their exile tolerable.

Toronto, Ont. BRYN EVANS

The Mayor's Article

MAYOR J. S. MILLS assumes (in April 19 issue) that the majority of his readers will agree that education is a subject about which he ought to know something.

I agree that he should, but it is clear that he does not. Being a patient in a mental hospital for 30 years does not qualify me as a specialist in mental illness.

God help Saskatoon!

Toronto, Ont. GRACE M. HOOD

Old Materials?

IT SEEMS that in J. S. Mills' day they used the papier-mâché for brains.

D. MCGUIRE HUTCHISON
Woodbridge, Ont.

Storm Warning

PERIODICALLY you astound us! As a reputable Canadian periodical you flaunt your independence and flout the High Priests of Education by publishing such heresy as "Tomfoolery and Sugar Coating".

Are you prepared to support His Worship Mayor Mills in what will be for him a very trying period?

Does he not know that no one is permitted to shoot Ontario Educational Sacred Cows out of season?

Is he prepared for the myriads of B.Paeds., D.Paeds., Business-Administrators, Superintendents of Schools, Directors of Vocational Education, School Psychologists, Holders of Special Kindergarten Certificates, etc., etc., who are preparing to placard him as: "Reactionary", "Jealous Westerner", "Anti-Go'dring", "Old-fashioned", "Stick-in-Mud"?

Does he not know of the Ontario sheriff who recently advocated at a trustees' meeting that leaders of Teachers' Federations who did not subscribe to trustees' views on teachers' salaries should be thrown into jail?

If you from your Toronto offices have beguiled His Worship into this wanton Holy Bovine destruction, you owe him protection for he has said well and loudly what I and thousands of other teachers in this province, to our shame, have barely dared to whisper out of earshot of the B.Paeds., D.Paeds., Administrators, Superintendents, Psychologists, etc., etc.

Our congratulations to His Worship and our commendation to you. You have pierced the tender hide of the sacrosanct, imported, over-stuffed bladder of lies with the overdue poignard of Truth.

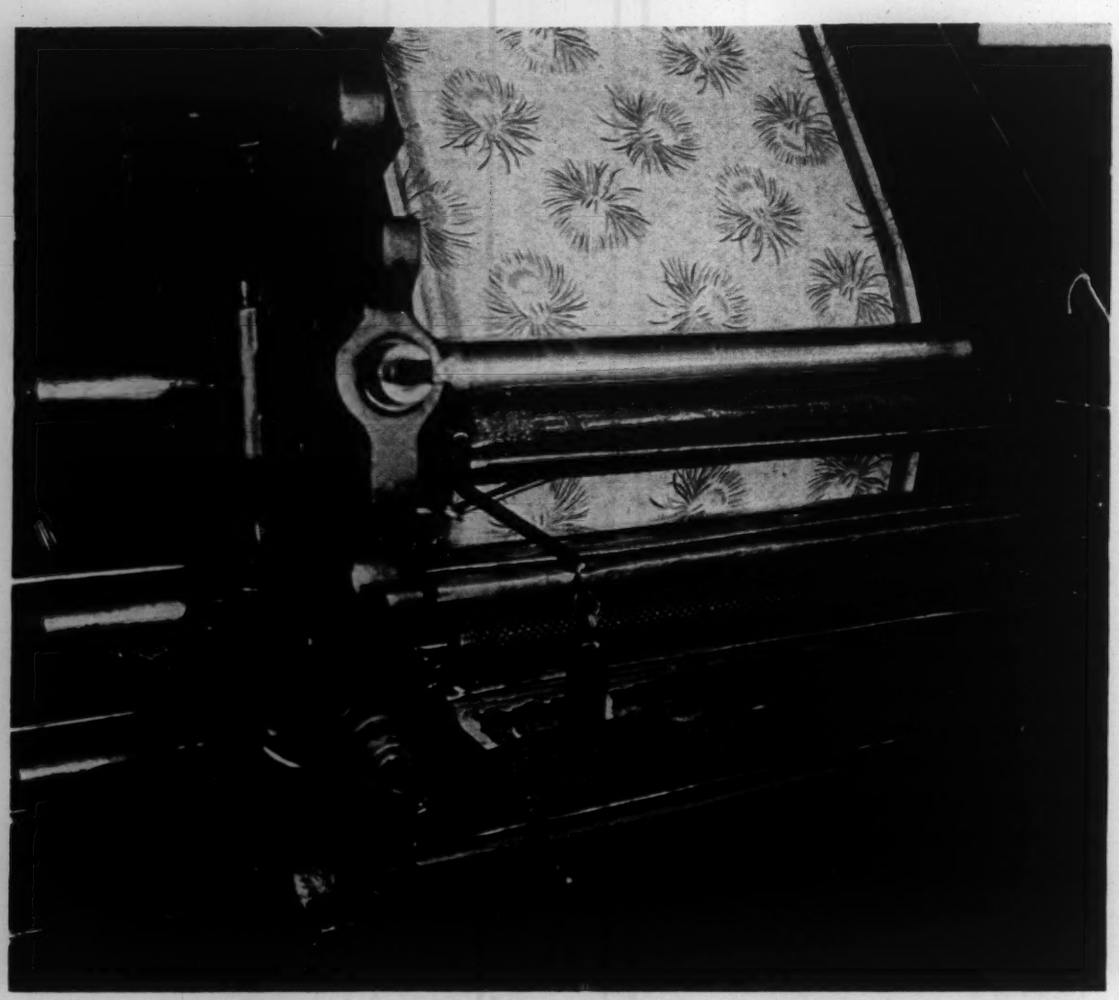
You and His Worship had better don your sou' westers. There will be a noisome spray!

Hamilton, Ont. ONTARIO TEACHER

Hobbling Witnesses

WHAT a discouraging report on how a big city goes about a vice probe [Frank Lowe on the Montreal vice probe in the April 19 issue] . . . Are we to assume from this article and from stories of what has been going on in the U.S. lately that investigations of the type are bound to bog down sooner or later, provided that sufficient legal talent keeps the issue crawling through the courts, effectively if dramatically hobbled by witnesses . . .

Winnipeg, Man. S. SNIDER



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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE NEXT ISSUE: Camillien Houde, Mayor of Montreal, is a big man in more ways than one. Only a Montrealer like LESLIE ROBERTS has the insight to explain to outsiders why a man who seems more actor than a big political power can hold such sway over voters in Canada's largest city . . . When "things got a bit sticky" for the heroic Gloucesters in Korea, a U.S. general could have relieved them but for their understatement of their desperate plight, says NORMAN MCBAIN, who thinks we should standardize battle language . . . Boosting our export trade is the only way to achieve real strength of our economy, says P. M. RICHARDS. This makes the Canadian International Trade Fair of particular importance . . . Fine cuisine and a liquor licence have made Calgary's Petroleum Club the centre of gravitation for big dealers in oil, says LINDA CURTIS . . . An Olympic preview tells prospective visitors to Helsinki, Finland, what they can expect if they go to see the Olympic Games this summer . . . MICHAEL BARKWAY reviews the efforts of MPs to uncover waste and extravagance in our national defence program.

COVER: Symbolic of both summer sport and fine photography, this picture has a double-barrelled appeal. It is one of the 206 exhibited at the 1952 Commercial and Press Photographers Association of Canada's print show in Toronto, chosen from among 600 entries. The work of 120 photographers from coast to coast, the exhibit is going on tour, visiting, among other cities, Montreal, Vancouver and Victoria. The quality of the prints exhibited, representative of the work of photographers in eight provinces, proves that Canada needn't take a back seat to any country, either in naturally beautiful subject matter or in the field of fine workmanship.—*Photo by Lt.-Cmdr. Gerald Richardson, RCN.*

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OTTAWA VIEW

NEW APPROACH IN KOREA

by Michael Barkway

DISSATISFACTION about the conduct of United Nations affairs in Korea is greater than it has been at any time since General MacArthur was dismissed. In Washington it is being expressed vocally. Among the allies of the U.S., including Canada, it is mostly private. Public complaints from other countries about the U.S. Command may do more harm than good. But private comments and criticisms and complaints are being made all the time, and they must be made, because the U.S. Command is supposed to be acting for all the countries with troops in Korea.

By mid-May the prisoner question was the only serious obstacle to a truce. The UN negotiators, led by Admiral Joy, had presented what they unhappily proclaimed to the world to be a "fixed, final and irrevocable" proposal. General Nam Il, the North Korean leading the Communist delegation, refused the proposal about prisoners and challenged Admiral Joy to break off the talks. Apart from the copious propaganda from the Communist side—which is as poisonous and lying as ever—Nam Il played his cards with great skill. And he had three trumps which he never should have been given.

The first arose from the whole business of screening prisoners. The more you consider it, the wiser appears the Geneva Convention which originally forbade the practise. The procedures which the American Command followed have never been revealed. The Allies certainly have grave doubts about them. In the absence of any American explanation, the presumption is that the South Koreans were the only people who could have questioned so many prisoners. The method of questioning remains dubious: one must doubt whether Dr. Gallup would have accepted it.

Nevertheless, once it was done, there might have been no great harm if the business hadn't been given so much publicity. The attempt to make propaganda out of the results put the Communists in a position where they could not possibly accept the American screening. And there was no very good reason why they should. They had strong grounds on which to challenge both the legality and the validity of the process. They had a military build-up in Korea which gave them no reason to fear defeat in the field or to accept an apparent diplomatic defeat. This was Nam Il's first trump card.

His second was the rash declaration that the UN's last truce proposal was "final and irrevocable". Negotiators should never make final and irrevocable proposals unless they mean them as an ultimatum and intend to break off negotiations at once. Admiral Joy was not authorized to break off the talks.

Nam Il's third trump — and the most gratuitous gift of all—was the prison at Koje Island. Brigadier-General Colson's admissions, intended to secure the release of Brigadier-General Dodd who had allowed himself to be captured, gave invaluable support to Communist propaganda. The Allies were angry and indignant. But they left it to other Americans to make the necessary protests; and there was no fear of them being left unmade.

THE ONLY hope of salvaging the truce talks seems to lie in a new approach to the whole prisoner question. The UN needs to deal a new hand in which Nam Il will not have three top trumps. The first essential is to get the prisoner screening onto an acceptable basis. This obviously involves having it done by a neutral or joint commission, not by Americans and South Koreans. The chance for such a review was included in the "final" proposal; but it may have been too

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late for any chance of Communist acceptance in those terms. Some people are beginning to think that the whole question of prisoner exchange may have to be left for settlement until after a truce is in force.

MacArthur's History

SPEAKING of MacArthur, Tokyo has just produced a fascinating sidelight on his rule there. The Japanese paper *Chuo-koron,* in its May issue, carries an article written by a former Japanese officer (using a pseudonym) who worked for MacArthur from June 1947 to December 1950. He was one of the elite group of Japanese Army and Navy officers who were employed in the Historical Section of MacArthur's Intelligence Division. They were recruited by MacArthur's G2, General Willoughby, and their job was to write a history of the war. They understood very well what was required of them. The Japanese officer writes: "What GHQ wanted, or more precisely what MacArthur wanted, was not to compile a complete history of the Pacific War as a whole. What the General wanted was a pseudo-history of MacArthur's war. Therefore, battles in China, Burma, Singapore, Midway and other naval engagements were mentioned only briefly: so was the counter-offensive by the U.S. Navy under Admiral Nimitz".

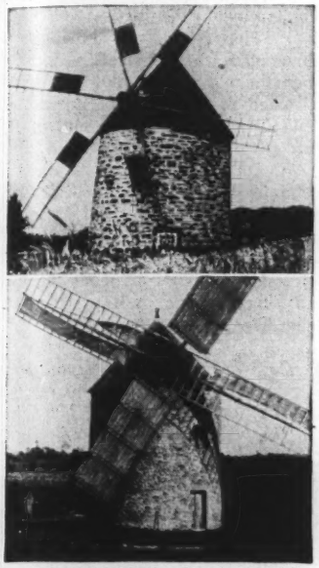
Nevertheless the Japanese officers sometimes disagreed among themselves, and their chapter on the origin of the war contradicted the findings of the allied war crimes tribunal. This chapter eventually had to be written by Americans. The book was prepared, says the Japanese writer, in greatest secrecy. Each page was sent to the printer separately. Lavish colorplates were produced for illustration. Early in 1951 five copies were printed. When MacArthur was dismissed, General Willoughby ordered all the plates to be destroyed. He collected all five copies of the book. To this day none of them has yet come to light.

More on Meat

THE supplementary agreement with Britain and New Zealand about meat is every bit as ingenious as the first part. Canada is to pick up all New Zealand's available beef at New Zealand ports. Most of it will be shipped through the Panama Canal to the East Coast ports of the U.S. It will be sold in the U.S. through commercial channels. On delivery of the meat at NZ ports, New Zealand receives the British contract price as though she had delivered it to the British. By North American standards this price is very low: it probably averages about 13 cents a pound. "Utility" grade beef is now selling in Chicago for about 43 cents. There will be a discount for the New Zealand meat which is frozen. No one can know how much it will be until the meat is sold. Freight charges and duty must also be deducted. But with all the deductions we should get not much less than 30 cents for the New Zealand product.

The difference between this and the British contract price represents the so-called "profit" which Canada is to split with New Zealand on a 50-50 basis. Minimum deliveries are to be 20,000 tons: optimists think it might be half as much again. Officials emphasize that it's impossible to make firm calculations when both quantities and prices are so uncertain. But obviously New Zealand's share of the "profit" will run to a few million dollars. These few millions are to be applied to the purchase of more meat for Britain, for which Britain will pay New Zealand in sterling.

Which Scene is in Canada?



ONE is in Holland, of course! Holland is the world's largest exporter of beer and a Dutch brewmaster (see below) was naturally included in the panel of experts who tasted, tested and approved Labatt's Pilsener Beer. Thousands of Canadians have since come to enjoy the light dry sparkle . . . mellow old world smoothness of Labatt's* Pilsener. Try it yourself. Discover how fresh and clean it leaves your palate. The lower windmill is Dutch; the top is in Quebec.

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"THE COCKTAIL PARTY"

MODERN SAINTS AND SINNERS

by B. K. Sandwell

THE two great twentieth century English-language dramatists who have written on the subject of martyrdom are George Bernard Shaw and T. S. Eliot. Each has written in the spirit of his time. The enormous, incalculable change that the spirit of the time has undergone between "Androcles and the Lion" and "The Cocktail Party" is one of the evidences which suggest that perhaps the world is not really getting any worse, and that it may be learning something from its appalling experiences.

Shaw's play is the work of a Socialist and a man in revolt against the general philosophy of Christianity. Its whole aim is to reduce the martyr to the level of the ordinary man, to explain his actions without reference to that quality of faith which has enabled him to surrender his will to what he feels to be the will of God. It was in tune with the general trend of its period (it was written, though not then performed, before the First World War), which was the trend towards the mass-man, the obliteration of distinction between one individual and another, including those between the saint and the sinner which arise out of differences in the apprehension of God.

Eliot's play is a tremendous effort to convince the modern audience of the reality of these distinctions, of the genuineness of sainthood and martyrdom, and of the vast communicable effect of all such surrender of the will, in however small a degree. Its thesis is that we can, and must, all participate in the redemption of the world or in opposition to that redemption, each according to his varying capacities. The world was obviously a worse place than it need have been, when the play opens, because of the existence of the Chamberlaynes and Celia Coplestone. At the end of the play it is obviously a very much better place, not only because of the tremendous impact of the death of Celia on the African anthill, but (in much lesser degree but still in due measure) because the Chamberlaynes have also surrendered their arrogant egotism and accepted the destiny which the "guardians" have shown them.

I AM GETTING a little tired of the complaints of people who say that they do not "understand" "The Cocktail Party". Everybody understands "Three Men on a Horse" without the slightest difficulty, and nobody in that sense understands "Hamlet", but it is not therefore generally held that "Hamlet" is the poorer play. "The Cocktail Party" makes certain demands on the poetic imagination, which because they appear in a novel form are difficult to grant, but will cease to be so as soon as the form ceases to be novel. The chief of these demands is the double quality of the three "guardians", as being at the same time persons with slightly supernatural functions and capacities and also very ordinary human beings moving easily and naturally in the Chamberlayne-Coplestone world. (It is really not so novel a device after all, having been employed with great popular success in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back", but that was a simple-minded play which puzzled nobody.) One lady assured me that the thrice-repeated demand of Sir Henry, the chief "guardian", for "gin with a drop of water" was symbolic of the Trinity. I strongly doubt it, and I suspect that she had not read Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister", in which the Pharisaic monk growls at Brother Lawrence:

"I, the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate,
While he drains his at one gulp."

"The Cocktail Party" is not the place for that sort of symbolism, and I fancy that the only object of this pas-

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sage is to establish the human and society side of the guardian's character as strongly as possible (and also to keep the audience amused) before we are introduced to the supernatural side. The same consideration goes for the gluttony of Julia, the second guardian, and the cuisine vanity of the third.

The second difficulty, with many in the audience, is the infatuation of Celia for Edward Chamberlayne, the man who is (before his deficiencies are revealed to him by the guardians) incapable of loving anybody. I think this difficulty arises out of failure to perceive the desperate character of Celia's loneliness in the shallow and purposeless world in which she finds herself—the world whose sole memorial to posterity will be the "million lost golf balls" of another Eliot utterance. The Edward to whom she gives herself is an Edward wholly of her own creation; and her salvation ("conversion" would be a perfectly good word if it had not acquired such unpoetic overtones) is possible only when the two Edwards fall apart and her own creation is shown to be an illusion. Considering her character, that disillusionment was itself a martyrdom, the beginning of her path to her destiny.

By a strange coincidence, on the very day when "The Cocktail Party" was first performed in Canada, two Canadian nuns of the House of Providence Orphanage in Canton, China, arrived in Vancouver and told a story of experiences which might easily have ended in such a death as that to which Celia Coplestone went in Africa. They left two of their colleagues in a Chinese prison. Martyrdom, and the readiness for martyrdom, is just as present in the world today as at any time in its history, and it is the world's one hope.

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EDITORIALS

The Commons Must Improve Procedure

THE MP's who give their views on parliamentary reform starting on Page 10 of this issue represent a very good sample of parliamentary opinion. They all agree that reform is needed, and they show why it isn't achieved. They are all busy blaming each other. Mr. Fleming, the most vocal Conservative spokesman, knows what the Government should do but gives little hint that the Opposition must also yield something. Mr. Knowles of the CCF is most concerned to preserve the "member's right to be heard." Only Mr. Hughes Cleaver, refreshingly, urges without qualification an allocation of time for debates. Mr. Walter Harris, the Cabinet's chief voice on these matters, leans to Mr. Cleaver's view, but says the Government "hesitates to mobilize its majority to make changes".

If there were the slightest chance of Mr. Cleaver's plan being accepted we should support it wholeheartedly. So would most Canadians who are not MP's. But the sad evidence, presented now in our pages as so often in the House of Commons, is that the political parties are too immature to arrange their business by an agreed and orderly timetable. So a start must be made by one side or the other. Obviously it must be made by the stronger side; and the Government can do it without "mobilizing its majority". The sins of the Opposition, which are real enough, can find some excuse in the chaotic arrangement of Government business. The Cabinet has no one but itself to blame when it hasn't even got its legislation ready for the House. If it cannot lay down a precise timetable without agreement, it can at least have its own business arranged in a known order. It would save immense time by presenting its bills in time for leisurely study instead of throwing them in for debate as soon as they are printed.

With some decent order in its own camp the Government could deprive the Opposition parties of their excuse for wasting as much time as they do. If they failed to respond the public would know who to blame. But it is humiliating to see the parliamentary leaders admitting that they cannot achieve what they all agree to be needed.

Favorable Trade Terms

CANADIANS who are accustomed to complaining about our dependence upon exports of raw materials now have to take account of a remarkable turn in the terms of trade in our favor. During the early part of this year the price of the things we export has risen, while the price of the things we import has dropped. The secret of this good fortune, however, does not lie just in the fact that we export raw materials: it lies in the kind of raw materials we export, and the price policies which we have followed in regard to them.

Whatever the omnivorous U.S. newspapers—the world's greatest consumers of newsprint—may think, Canadian exporters, of newsprint and other wood products, of base metals, and of wheat (thanks largely to the International Wheat Agreement), have never in recent years pushed the prices up to the limit of what the market would bear. We are now reaping the reward. While other raw materials like wool and tin and rubber are suffering from the inevitable slump after their meteoric rise immediately after Korea, Canada's staple exports are still commanding high prices. We forewent the chance of quick and easy profits, and we are getting the reward in steadily higher prices.

While we may well congratulate ourselves on this prudent restraint, we must also recognize the serious problem which other raw material producing countries are facing. Indonesia, a new republic still not very firmly established, risks insoluble domestic unrest unless the price of its staple rubber export can be stabilized. India and Pakistan and Malaya, and many other Asian countries, risk a serious delay in their vital development projects if the terms of trade remain set against them. The whole precarious balance of sterling depends on how the terms of trade swing between the things sterling countries sell and the things they buy.

We may be on the right side of the fence for the present, partly through good management, partly through luck. But our continued good fortune will depend, more than many people realize, upon a more favorable consideration of those foreign and Commonwealth countries whom we want to buy our products.

"Douse That Light—It Can't Be Trusted!"

Skills and Their Costs

THE REPORT of Mr. Leonard Brockington on the wages that should be paid to the employees of the Toronto street railway system contains some very beautiful lyric prose on the subject of the unrecognized skills of various kinds of workers in our modern complex and highly mechanical age. We have no doubt that it is all of it true, and that it requires a great many rare and valuable human qualities to handle a streetcar through modern city traffic and to handle through that streetcar three times as many people as there are seats for. The fact remains, however, that these qualities appear to be capable of being acquired or developed in a few weeks of training, and that in that respect they resemble the qualities required for quite a large number of other occupations which are not generally spoken of as "skilled" because they do not call for a prolonged period of education or training before the worker begins to work.

One of the economic problems of our age, and one which is going to become progressively more serious as time goes on, is the disappearance of the old differential between the remuneration of a job which can be learned in three weeks and that of a job which can only be learned in three, five or seven years. The difference between these two kinds of skill is that the former costs practically nothing to acquire, either in time or in money, and therefore represents nothing of an investment, whereas the latter means a prolonged period of unremunerative work and possibly a substantial cash outlay in fees and living costs.

This differential used to be sufficient to enable the skilled person to purchase a substantial amount of the services of unskilled people, and thereby to economize his own time and devote more of it to his skilled occupation. At present, between the whittling down of the differential and the heavy rate of income taxation on what is left of it, even a quite highly skilled man—a doctor, for example, who has not only devoted ten years more to his training than the streetcar motorman but has also put in several unremunerative years establishing

himself on the first rungs of his practice—can afford himself little in the way of the services of unskilled persons. He will have to make $17,000 a year if he is to have a thousand a month left for his own use after income tax. If the time of a motorman is worth $3000 a year, as Mr. Brockington assesses it (just under $1.50 an hour for a 40-hour week) the time of a medical student must be worth an average of $2000 a year from 16 to 26, and that item alone, without any allowance for compound interest, makes a full-fledged medical man represent an investment of $20,000. This investment, plus interest, must be capable of being paid off out of his earnings during his active lifetime, which is not very long because of his late start; otherwise, as an investment, it was not worth making, and he might better have become a motorman at the earliest age permitted. And after setting aside the annual levy for paying off the investment there is not much left for purchasing the services of people who cost $3000 a year or a dollar and a half an hour.

The point is that the incentive to acquire a high (and costly) degree of skill is diminished every time you diminish the difference of earning power which is the reward of that skill, and our society today is diminishing it very fast. We may find ourselves with plenty of people skilled in making passengers put tickets in fare-boxes, and few people skilled in the more important arts of designing transportation systems and creating jobs for them to take workers to. We already have too few nurses, too few engineers, too few people who can write decent English, and (though the doctors do not admit it) too few doctors.

Screening of Prisoners

IT IS no novelty that the conduct of an alliance under the aegis of one overwhelmingly great power is extremely difficult to accomplish. But unfortunately the difficulties tend to be forgotten until they break out in a major debacle of some kind. Thus, until the U.S. policy on the screening of Korean prisoners was shown to have landed our truce negotiators in an almost impossible position, none of the allies was keen to make any formal protest about it. Now that an ill-conceived and inadequately concerted policy has reaped its almost inevitable results, the U.S. Command alone takes the blame for it.

We cannot conceive that the British or the French or the Canadians would have committed the blunder which the Americans made over screening; and it must be a matter for regret, if not reproach, that they did not consult their allies more fully before embarking on it. But reproach is futile. The practical task is to try to devise some diplomatic way in which to help the American Command to recover from its blunder, and to put the truce talks back on a footing where the responsibility for success or failure lies, as it should lie, with the Communists.

If our diplomacy is skilful enough, it might be possible to get the whole prisoner question solved by agreeing to a neutral or joint inspection, if necessary before a truce is signed. But if the Communists refuse to re-open the question on such terms, the United Nations may have to go further. It is unfortunately (and unnecessarily) true that concessions from the U.S. Command may now involve a further loss of face. But a loss of face is better than to persist in an untenable course. The prisoners were screened in dubious circumstances which no outside authority could supervise. The results were proclaimed to the world as a major propaganda triumph for the Americans and a defeat for the Russians. The least the UN powers can now do is to admit a further screening under an authority of unquestionable objectivity. If it confirms the first results, well and good. If not, we must still accept it.

Journalism in Diplomacy

WHEN the International Rubber Study Group held its first North American meeting in Ottawa recently, the chair was held by a young Canadian official well known to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. The group came from 17 countries, and varied from industrial magnates to shy Government delegates from Indonesia not long out of college. The leader of the Canadian delega-

—Karsh

A. F. W. PLUMPTRE

tion, who was voted into the chair, was in no sense a rubber expert. He was the head of the Economic Division of the Department of External Affairs and a former associate editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, Mr. A. F. Wynne Plumptre. As the meeting went on, and at its conclusion, it was most impressive to hear the tributes which delegates from many countries paid to Mr. Plumptre's chairmanship. He was gentle, tactful and firm; and he piloted the group through a delicate discussion about long-term marketing arrangements which might have become very difficult.

Mr. Plumptre is soon leaving Ottawa to join Mr. Arnold Heeney on the Canadian delegation to NATO in Paris. If the new permanent NATO organization turns out to be as important as this country believes it should, this high level of Canadian representation will not come amiss. It certainly shows that Canada is taking it with full earnestness. If our material contribution to NATO is relatively small compared with our bigger partners, we shall contribute at least our fair share of brains.

Without a Truce

BRIGADIER ROCKINGHAM, back from Korea, says that the war there is likely to go on for quite a long time, which is just about the way it looked to us. We have never had any way of knowing whether the enemy really wanted a truce. When Ridgway's new broom was sweeping him back across the 38th Parallel a year ago we were quite ready to believe that the enemy wanted a cease-fire. Since November he has had virtually that, and has used it to such good purpose to build fortifications and bring up weapons that we cannot easily renew the kind of pressure on the battlefield which the chief UN negotiator, Admiral Turner Joy, has always insisted is the only thing that will secure Communist signature of a truce agreement.

What do we do, now that our latest and most intensive truce effort has failed? Many of our experts claim that the Communists have gained on balance by the ten and a half months of talk. The enemy has been able to build up air and land power which, some fear, could be used to launch a new and extremely dangerous offensive in Korea. And he keeps tied down there an important part of the military power of the free world, while Russian military power is left free for adventures elsewhere. It never seemed to us that the advantages were so one-sided. If we are tied down, so is Communist China; and it may be that Formosa, Indo-China, Malaya and Burma have all been defended in Korea, and better than they could have been on the spot. The time gained has enabled the Western powers to bring Japan, at least tentatively, into the free world line-up. And if the enemy has been strengthening his front and his forces in Korea, so have we. Our field fortifications in depth would make any new Communist offensive more costly than the heavy onslaughts of last year; while the Republic of Korea Army is believed to have been much strengthened by a year's training.

But perhaps the greatest gain is one which can never be measured: that is the halting of the slide down the slippery slope towards all-out war in the Orient. Such an involvement, we have never doubted, would please the Kremlin more than any thing else, and perhaps lose Europe and Asia at the same time. There are some who, to extract our forces from the bog of Korea, would threaten all-out warfare against the Chinese mainland. But a certain collective good sense, rather than any clear idea of what to do about the Korean stalemate, has averted this so far. The best prescription seems to be to sit tight for the time being.

National Disaster Committee

A NATIONAL disaster fund is in the process of being formed. In 1950 all Canada contributed generously to the victims of the Red River flood, so generously that there was a $1.5 millions surplus in the Manitoba Relief Fund. Now five outstanding citizens from various sections of Canada have been requested to act as directors of a national fund, which will include the Manitoba surplus.

There has been criticism of why this surplus money has not been made available to areas that suffered floods this year. Some of the charges have been bitter indeed: that the Manitoba Relief Fund had not heeded appeals from other parts of the country. A statement recently issued by the Manitoba Relief Fund officials should set things straight. No one has been heartless, but handing over the surplus money is not as simple as forwarding cheques to areas in need.

As *The Winnipeg Tribune* properly points out, "an act of the Dominion Parliament is required to give such a move legal sanction. A private measure of this kind must wait its turn before receiving the attention of the House of Commons and the Senate."

PEOPLE

QUIET YOUNG MAN

by Margaret Ness

A NOVA SCOTIAN who happened to be born in Semans, Sask., is the new Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station at Kentville, NS.

Dr. Charles Bishop knows his Nova Scotia well. After all, he was just five when the family moved back to Berwick where his father, Lewis L. Bishop, is a general merchant. And his background is Maritimes. The Bishops were United Empire Loyalists, settling in the Annapolis Valley around 1760. His mother's people, the Illsleys, were early Annapolis settels from England.

Evidently Charles was always interested in biology, the subject he majored in at Acadia University. His mother says that, as a boy, he "even took a wholesome interest in the family vegetable and flower garden and tried out new varieties." His later scientific experiments brought him fame in the development of scab-resistant apples—a boon to the apple-growing Annapolis Valley.

Young Charles also had an aquarium of water bugs, tadpoles, salamanders, turtles. Once he collected some little tree-toads. He insisted on taking them with him (in a glass jar) when he went to bed. As soon as the light was out, they all began to "peep". Eventually Charles gave in and put them out. The family was relieved.

Bishop obtained his BSc from Acadia in 1941; went on for a year of post-graduate work to the University of Western Ontario, London. Then the next three war years were spent in the Meteorological Service of the Department of Transport. The war over, he continued his graduate studies at Harvard to gain his PhD degree.

Since he had such a brilliant college record, jobs were his for the accepting. But it was Dr. F. W. Patterson, the then President of Acadia, who persuaded him to take on a joint position—that of Associate Professor of Genetics at the University and as Horticulturist in Plant Breeding at the Dominion Experimental Station.

At the University, as well as conducting research on plants, he has also worked on the effects of X-rays on protoplasm in cooperation with the National Cancer Institute and the National Research Council.

He's quite an amateur photographer, too; has made a hobby of it. He also collects records. His whole family is musical; his sister has her BMus from Acadia.

Says Dr. E. Chalmers Smith, a University colleague in the Department of Biology: "Bishop is a quiet young man with a friendly manner. He has the advantage of a farm upbringing coupled with a high degree of scientific training . . . A man of ideas, he is able to communicate these to farmer and scientist alike."

■ The University of British Columbia received a Carnegie grant of $7,500 towards its collection of books on French-Canadian history. UBC is now giving a course for third and fourth year students in this subject, under DR. GILBERT TUCKER. This June he will be in Quebec searching for essential volumes to add to the 150 volumes already donated to him by ten Quebec institutions. Dr. Tucker was official historian—two volumes published—for the RCN.

■ New President of the Engineering Institute of Canada is JOHN B. STIRLING, MEIC, of Montreal.

■ VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE, British newspaper tycoon, has accepted the Chancellorship of Memorial University College, St. John's, Newfoundland.

■ DR. DORIS PLEWES, Acting Director of Federal Welfare Department's Physical Fitness Division, has been elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Physical Education, the first Canadian woman to be so honored.

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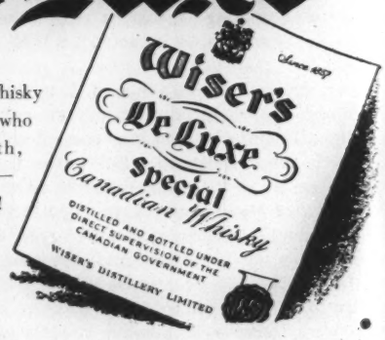

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EDUCATION'S WHIPPING BOYS

A SCHOOL TRUSTEE TALKS BACK

by Max Braithwaite

ABOUT the most harassed citizens in the country today are the school trustees. We are getting it from all sides . . . but good. From the teachers, who are in the catbird seat and know it; from parents who demand maximum service with minimum taxes; from school suppliers and builders who are constantly pushing us to construct and equip dream schools . . . at a price.

As a school-board member, a parent of both high-school and public-school students, and an ex-school teacher, I know something about this harassment. For the past five years I have been a member of both public- and high-school boards, and for one term chairman of each. In many ways it has been a rewarding and interesting experience; in others it has been a king-size headache. Nobody knows the troubles we see.

Paradoxically enough, it is the teachers who themselves so recently relinquished the "most harassed citizen" title who are our greatest tormentors. As an ex-teacher I know the troubles they've seen, too. For years they were shamefully underpaid, abused and imposed upon. Now that the screw is on the other thumb, who can blame them for giving it a couple of extra twists? Besides, their chief aim is to establish teaching on a decent, respected, professional basis, which will in the long run benefit us all. But this doesn't make it any easier for school boards.

A couple of years ago we required a teacher for the intermediate room of our four-room village school. On the advice of the inspector, we went directly to the normal school early in April to endeavor to entice a student to come to our school after he graduated. Although our needs had been advertised on the school bulletin-board for a week in advance, when we arrived there were exactly three men who were even interested in talking to us about the job. (I remembered my own graduation in 1931 when I wrote over 100 applications and personally interviewed a dozen boards without a nibble.)

We talked to these three men and told them what a fine school we have and what a grand village ours is . . . handy to Toronto . . . splendid people. They were mildly interested. Finally we selected the one who seemed most suitable and got his name on a contract then and there so that he wouldn't change his mind in the meantime. Then we hoped that he would graduate.

THAT'S how we got our teacher. Keeping him was even tougher. At our budget meeting early the next spring we decided how much we could raise the teachers' salaries and offered them contracts for the next term. Our new man flatly refused to sign. He told us, quite candidly, that he was looking for a better job. If he found it he wouldn't be back. According to law he had until the first of June to look before letting us know. But by that time it would be too late for us to find a replacement and we couldn't ask for his resignation and start looking immediately because, according to law, you can't fire a teacher . . . even at the end of the term . . . without a good reason. If you do the Teachers' Federation might step in and blacklist you.

So, we had no alternative but to give him a bigger raise, which meant that we had to raise all the other teachers in proportion, or *they* would quit.

Advertising for teachers on the open market is fun, too. While I was on the high-school board we advertised for a teacher in the three Toronto papers and got exactly one reply. In response to an ad for a public-school teacher we received applications from teachers from Scotland who had never taught in Canada, from married women who had been out of the profession for 20 years and a number from local teachers that looked splendid until we checked with the inspector and learned that the applicants were past the retirement age.

—National Gallery

"A MEETING OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES" by Robert Harris, RCA, recalls early days in Prince Edward Island.

Teachers are in a fine position. They are in short supply (through no fault of their own) and they have one of the tightest unions in the country. They can name their own price and get it. Raises of from $400 to $700, "across the board," are common. School boards all across the country are screaming for mercy. Reeve Oliver Crockford of Scarboro was reported recently as saying that "teachers are going off the deep end and crucifying the taxpayer". Trustee Arnold Cross of York Township begged teachers to accept a reduction in salary, declaring that the small homeowner "can't stand it any more. He's going to lose his home if the tax rate keeps climbing. He's beaten."

Recently 17 central Ontario high-school boards held a desperation meeting to find ways of combatting what they consider the too great authority of the Secondary Teachers' Federation, which was threatening some boards with the blacklist.

On the other hand, the school trustee must contend with the ratepayers whose elected representative he is. In suburban districts most of these ratepayers are also parents who will settle for nothing but the best for their children. Many came from large centres where schools have kindergartens, home economic and manual-training courses, and many other frills. They insist on the same facilities in the local school.

But, at the same time, their chief reason for moving to the country in the first place was to get into a lower taxation area. Every time the school tax rate goes up a mill, they scream their heads off.

The trustee is in the middle. If he spends more money to improve the school and keep a good staff he is accused of having no regard for the taxpayer's pocketbook. If he tightens up the budget and loses a good teacher, he is even more bitterly criticized. He just can't win.

The high-school situation is even worse. Rural parents insist, rightly enough, that their children have educational opportunities equal to those of city kids. They want a school where there is a choice of courses, a machine shop, commercial classes, a large auditorium, and all the rest of it. Since the average small community can't afford such a school, the board arranges for the students to be transported to a larger centre by bus.

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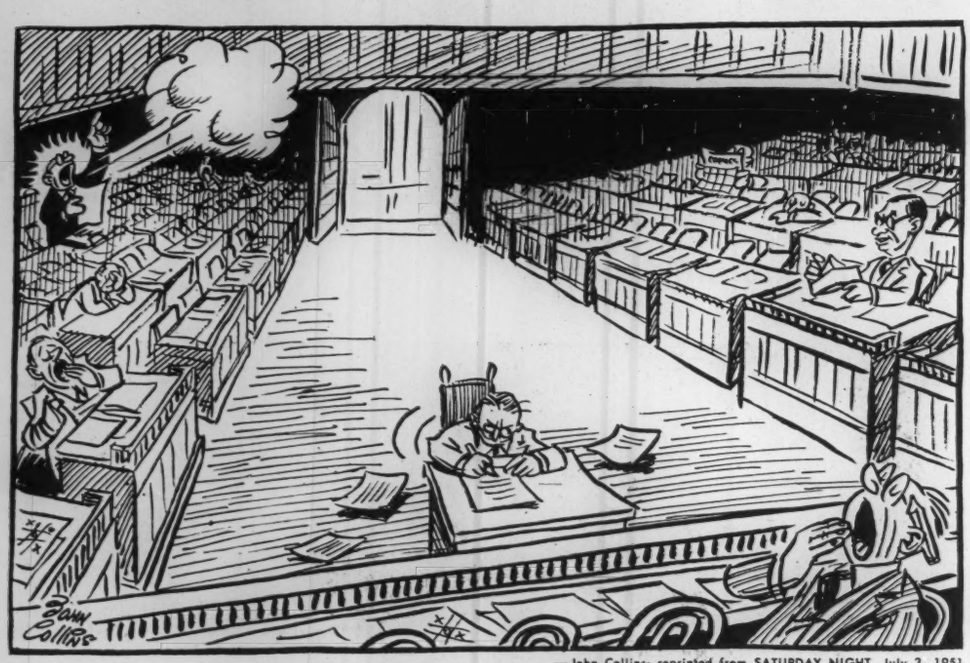

—John Collins; reprinted from SATURDAY NIGHT, July 3, 1951

"FOR THE 17TH TIME, MR. SPEAKER, I REPEAT . . ."

A SYMPOSIUM OF MP'S

How Can the Commons Improve Procedure?

THE time-wasting procedures of the House of Commons have lately been coming in for a lot of criticism. The House has an all-party committee trying to agree on improvements. SATURDAY NIGHT, *believing that this is a matter of urgent public importance, has invited four MP's to give their views.*

Three of the four are members of the Committee on Procedures. Mr. Fleming is one of the Conservative representatives on it. Mr. Knowles represents the CCF. Mr. Walter Harris, the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, and former Parliamentary Assistant to PM St. Laurent, is one of the Government's representatives. The fourth member of our panel, Mr. Hughes Cleaver, represents the largest section of the House of Commons—the Liberal back-benchers. He sponsored a resolution this session urging procedure improvements along lines followed at Westminster. SN's comment appears on Page 6.

Too Much Waste Talk

by Hughes Cleaver (L., Halton, Ont.)

RECENTLY I sponsored a private member's resolution suggesting that our rules should be amended to make them more in line with the rules of debate at Westminster.

My reason for sponsoring this resolution was because of what happened in 1951. In that year we had two sessions of Parliament, and the House was sitting for eight months of the year. Notwithstanding this fact, the work of the House was not completed in time for members far distant from Ottawa to return to their homes for Christmas. This occurred not because there was any shortage of debating time, but because there was a deliberate waste of time by Opposition members.

One illustration will suffice. On the Thursday before Christmas, the Conservative Opposition held up the work of the House and, by a series of amendments, succeeded in forcing the House to spend the whole of that day in discussing the hours which we would work on that Thursday. On that day we accomplished nothing other than a clear demonstration of the urgent need of amending our rules of debate.

The Government in Great Britain services a population of about four times our population. It is an understatement to say that their problems of government are as difficult as ours, and yet, notwithstanding these facts, Parliament at Westminster performs its duties in less time than we spend at Ottawa. One has only to sit in the House of Commons for a few weeks to realize that time is wasted, some of it deliberately.

So far as I am concerned, I do not consider that these offending members, who individually take up the time of at least half a dozen members of the House of Commons, have anything to offer, either in the way of criticism or advice, which justifies this extravaganza of words.

At Westminster a timetable is followed. In consultation with Mr. Speaker, the representatives of all parties in the House agree upon the number of days of debating time which will be spent on each important subject, and the standing orders there provide the number of days which will be spent on departmental estimates. Mr. Speaker indicates the number of debating hours to be allotted to each of the parties, and the parties in turn, through their leaders and whips, ration the allotted time among the members of each party.

The result is an orderly procedure, where every matter of importance is given proper consideration, and every member of the House is accorded his proper speaking time of debate by leaders in his own group, thus his debating time is determined by ability rather than desire to talk.

In our House of Commons here any member, whether or not he has anything of importance to contribute to the debate, can talk almost as often and as long as he likes, with the result that under our present practice we have many long and tiresome debates which, from a business standpoint, accomplish little of value, and which result on many occasions in an almost empty House.

Use Committees More

by Donald Fleming (PC, Tor.-Eglinton)

THERE can be no doubt that the procedure of the House of Commons stands in need of improvement. The present House has become dull. Part of the trouble is due to the fact that the Government has far too big a majority. This gives an air of unreality and futility to debate. It is urgent that Parliament as the political expression of our way of life, should attract more interest and more response on the part of the citizens.

In trying to improve procedure, however, the most scrupulous care must be taken to preserve basic safeguards. Nothing must be done which will weaken control of Parliament over the executive branch or over public expenditure.

The principal criticisms of present procedure are as follows.

1. The Government is usurping the functions of Parliament.
2. The Executive branch of Government is dominating the House of Commons with the assistance of a severe party discipline, and is ignoring and indeed defying the will of Parliament.
3. There is no effective control over governmental expenditure.
4. The sessions are too long.
5. Many debates drag.
6. The attendance in the House is poor: this reflects the lack of interest in the proceedings.
7. Members are wasting time in the House over details which should be settled elsewhere.

WITHOUT classifying them in any order of importance, I make the following suggestions for improving procedure:

1. Parliament should be called into session not later than the middle of January each year.
2. There should be no second session in any year, unless conditions literally compel it. If Parliament sits for eight months a year, as it did in 1951, it will probably drive out of public life some of its best members, who cannot afford the uncertainty of a full-time public career.
3. The Government, in reasonable consultation with the Opposition, should make a serious effort to arrange the business of the House so that important subjects may be the occasion of special debates, instead of discursive, rambling debates as has so often been the case.
4. The Government should acquaint the House well in advance with the program of business it proposes to lay before the House. Usually the business for the following day is not known till the hour of adjournment the night before.
5. The Prime Minister and other ministers should spend more time in the House. This would greatly stimulate interest in the proceedings and a better attendance by Government supporters.
6. There should be a radical revision of the committee machinery of the House. In particular the Government's estimates should be referred either to a special Committee on Estimates, or to Standing Committees dealing with particular subjects. The Committees could go into each item in detail and question the officials of the department on all pertinent matters save only those of policy.

This one reform would economize more time of the House than all other proposals for this purpose which have been put forward by anyone.

More business apart from estimates should also be referred to committees, and the committees should get to work earlier in the session.

7. Expert assistance should be provided to the Opposition, particularly for committee work. Few members have both the time and the experience

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

GUINEA PIG IN A JET

How it feels to be "headed for heaven" in the latest type RCAF training plane

by Michael Barkway

—National Defence Photos

WRITER about to turn flyer, Barkway, left, meets pilot, F/L Harry Wens.

NOW that my stomach has settled down again, my head has stopped being dizzy and I've recovered the hearing of one ear, I ought to be able to write about the jet age, in the mood of "emotion recollected in tranquility."

The RCAF recently tried to help the Jet Age along by inviting some reporters for a flight. You can only ride in the crack fighters—the F86's—if you fly them yourself. We were taken up in T33's, the two-seater jet trainer which Canadair is now building for Canadian and NATO flyers. They are the training bridge between propeller-driven aircraft and the single-seater fighters, and there is nothing sissy about them. They were developed from the Shooting Star which was the standard American jet fighter at the end of the war. Top speed is about 580 miles per hour, or, as the experts say, they have a "Mach rating" of point eight. This apparently means that the plane holds together as long as it's not going more than 80 per cent of the speed of sound. When it gets near that point, as Flight-Lieutenant Harry Wens convincingly demonstrated to me, the whole frame starts vibrating and shuddering in a way which suggests (I gather, quite correctly) imminent disintegration.

The conversation, driving out to Uplands airport near Ottawa, turned to insurance—which was a morbid aggravation of current anxieties. And when Flight-Lieutenant Wens packed me into the student's seat in the cramped cockpit, he showed me how to work the "ejection seat" which, I understood, would fire me out of the plane as from a cannon.

He had already got me trussed like a chicken in my parachute harness, strapped into the seat like a dummy, and muffled in earphones, oxygen mask and crash helmet. He showed me how I should release the plexiglass cover by pulling "this yellow handle up here." The next thing would be to find "that little green handle down on the left of your seat".

"Pull that first," he said, "Then pull this other green handle on the right of your seat. When you've pulled it just squeeze the trigger. You'll be shot into the air, and you'll turn over two or three times. Wait till you're not turning any more, then get free of the seat by pulling this buckle at your waist. When you're well clear, pull this handle by your left shoulder to open your parachute."

As he talked I carefully identified all the handles, wondering all the time what I would really do. Wens added: "You don't want any of this, of course" and I couldn't help feeling relieved.

My pilot climbed into the front seat. As we taxied across the runway he closed the plexiglass cover. We were shut in, breathing through masks, talking through microphones, strapped down like lunatics, meekly subjecting our bodies to the ingenious indignities devised by the human mind.

There is no warm-up period for jet engines. We shot straight down the runway and glided gently into the air. We rose slowly for a few seconds till the airspeed indicator showed 310 mph. Then he put her into the climb. The altimeter needle moved round the dial steadily.

In a very few minutes we were so far above the earth that there was no further sensation of speed. We moved without sound, steady and vibrationless, poised rather than active, getting higher every minute. We could now see the St. Lawrence from the end of Lake Ontario almost down to Montreal. The tiny city of Ottawa was a small collection of buildings beside the junction of two rivers.

THE EARTH began to seem very remote. This is not the same as climbing in an ordinary airliner. Then you laboriously attain 6,000 or 9,000 feet and watch details getting slowly more obscure. Now we took only minutes to reach a sphere where earth's details became not just blurred but completely unimportant. We weren't headed for the nearest airport; we were headed for heaven.

The radio calls from Uplands and Rockcliffe Airports grew fainter. Flight-Lieutenant Wens picked up an F86 from 439 Squadron in the air. He gave his position and asked the F86 to come up. I heard the pilot answer: "I'm behind you at four o'clock, 8,000 feet, coming up."

I peered over my right shoulder and caught sight of a tiny speck. As I watched, it became recognizably an aircraft, moving crabwise. It floated up towards us, sideways, until it was right alongside, just below and behind our wing.

I could wave to the pilot and we could talk to him over the radio. But there was no other sound. We were up there alone. Our movements had no significance except in relation to each other.

Wens said: "Come up the other side, will you?" The F86 dropped out of sight. I jerked my head

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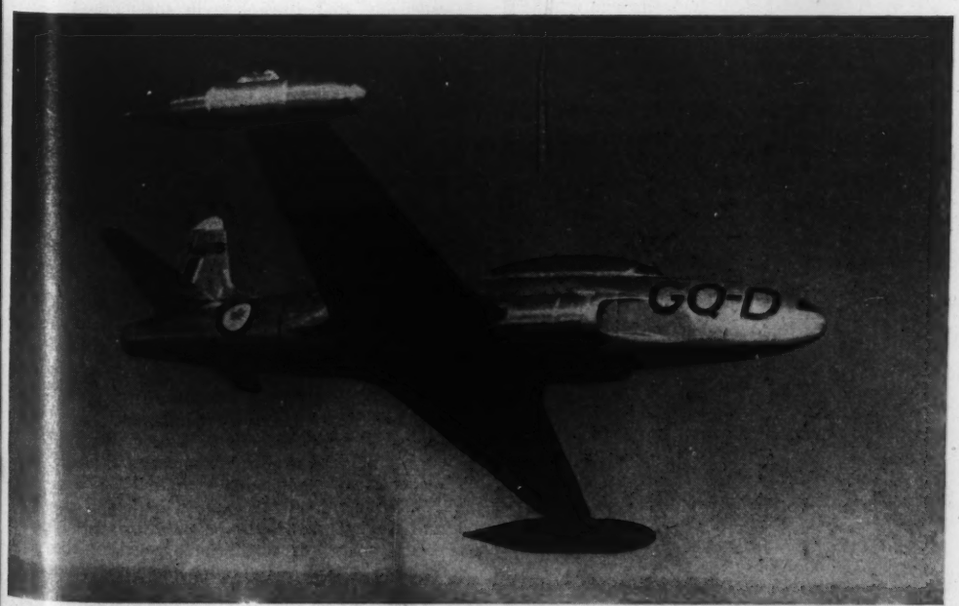


BRIDGE between the conventional propeller-driven aircraft and single-seat F86 fighter is the T33, a two-seater trainer developed from U.S. "Shooting Star". Top speed is 80 per cent of the speed of sound.

—David Bier

ART SCAMMELL wrote "Squid Jiggin' Grounds" out of his boyhood Newfoundland memories.

—CBC

LEN HOPKINS, bandleader at Chateau Laurier and Jasper, has repertory of 150 Canadian pop tunes.

— John Steele

LOU SNIDER, CBC musician, writes pops with CBC Producer Jackie Rae, hopes for U.S. market.

TIN PAN ALLEY TO CANADA

POPULAR MUSIC'S ONE-WAY STREET

by John Yocom

WHAT are your chances of getting a Canadian song published and performed by a top professional? Ask that question of someone in the music business and watch him reach for his ulcer tablets. The odds against you: 1,000 to 1.

After a symposium of Canadian music for three days in Vancouver last year, one of a five-man panel of music experts came to the conclusion that Canadian contemporary composers are "the most unpublished, unheard, unperformed and unpaid in the world." He was talking about our serious music, and since then there have been some hopeful signs for its future, but the same comment could also have applied to the light or popular variety.

The radio artist, who writes occasional original music in his spare time, grumbles that the publishers and record manufacturers will not handle anything that isn't guaranteed a big sale here and in the U.S. So the radio performer stuffs his manuscript into a drawer and sticks to the usual material.

Publishers and record makers say in rebuttal that Canadian radio artists and disc jockeys shun Canadian numbers because they have no "Hit Parade" rating.

"The Hit Parade as a popularity poll is a laugh," a Canadian music publisher told me. "It is an American radio program to sell American cigarettes to Americans. It is damaging to the cause of Canadian music."

Radio people watch with scientific concern the popularity listings of songs in the U.S. trade papers; they forget that 9 out of 10 of the reporting systems are merely report sheets on how much "plugging" —or promotion—the songs got. A real poll would be the best-selling lists. In the U.S., song pluggers drive a tune up the list, all hits being made by records and disc jockeys. Rumor says there have even been numbers on the Hit Parade for which sheet music wasn't available in Canada.

Meanwhile, we continue to import American jazz, send Canadian dollars back as royalties, receive minor royalties for our own puny efforts. But in the U.S. ASCAP's 2,500 composers divided $14 million in total royalties in 1951. Irving Berlin was highest with $60,000.

There is a real inertia among Canadians when it comes to playing Canadian music on their radio shows. They won't touch it—with few exceptions —until it is a hit in the U.S.

Harold Moon of BMI Canada has even done a reverse switch: had Canadian numbers recorded and produced in England, or on the continent with French lyrics, on the gamble that popularity there would bring them back to America.

Jack Kent Cooke, Canadian publisher and ball-team-radio station owner, wrote an acceptable ballad "Love Is Gone" which BMI handled. It was given the cold shoulder by Canadian performers. Now on Mercury records with French lyrics it is breaking for a hit in Brussels, Rome, Amsterdam and Paris. If it returns to this side, the French lyrics will be translated back into English; it may still be a hit in Canada.

"CANADIAN music has nothing to fear except Canadians," says Moon, bitterly. "But they'll change. BMI Canada will continue to spend all its money in Canada to further Canadian music."

The dollars-and-cents aspect of composition royalties on sales and performances comes with a wallop when we realize that the bulk of performing fees received by Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada Limited, (CAPAC, for short, and the Canadian side of ASCAP) are for American popular compositions. One of the big sources of payment is the radio industry.

The new scale handed down by the Copyright Appeal Board in Ottawa authorizes CAPAC to levy a charge of 1¼ per cent of the gross revenue of a station for the use of copyrighted material. According to T. J. Allard, general manager of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, this scale is much more onerous on broadcasters than the fifteen-year-old principle of basing copyright fees on the number of licensed radios.

—Albert Dubord

FELIX LECLERC, Montreal novelist, scriptwriter is winner of Paris Grand Prix du Disque for pop tune.

When Canadian radio performs little Canadian music, little royalty money is ours. Allard estimates that less than ten per cent of the money paid out by Canadian broadcasters remains in Canada. The rest goes to the U.S., U.K., France, Italy, etc.

"The collection agency for these royalties is incorporated in Canada but is controlled abroad and is part of a gigantic international cartel of publishers," the broadcasting agent says. "Consideration is being given by Canadian broadcasters to specific steps that might lead to mitigation of this drain of Canadian dollars to foreign countries, including the decreased use of foreign music, especially that controlled in the United States."

However, despite such criticisms as these, on the record, the Canadian composer who gets his works performed is faring better than he used to. W. S. Low, General Manager of CAPAC, was reported in a recent interview that the amount Canadian authors and composers are receiving for *performance* of their works is showing considerable increase: in 1945, $10,700; in 1950, $129,907.

At first CAPAC, successor to the Canadian Performing Rights Association, was concerned mostly with the protection of works by U.K. and other outside composers. Since 1946 the emphasis has been on protection of performance copyright of Canadian members here and abroad.

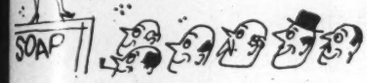
"We are a non-profit association," says Low. "CAPAC deals with performance rights only. If a piece doesn't get played, it doesn't get paid."

He notes that serious music and folk music are the two fields in which Canadians are showing increasing proficiency.

One field where Canadian popular music seems to get ahead independently of the U.S. acceptance is folk and country music. There is a big urban and rural market across Canada for this type and the Maritimes especially have gone for the genre. Western singer Wilf Carter originally came from the Maritimes, then went to Alberta where he had a ranch bought with his profits. Now in the U.S.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

Canada... a woman's world!



by Eileen Morris
illustrated by Frank Sibley

She's a going concern in a country that's going places fast. We give you Mrs. and Miss Canada!

THERE WAS A TIME when Canada was considered to be a man's world.

How times do change!

Canadian women are making such rapid social and economic progress that it's as tough to keep informed on their status as it is on their fashions.

Take one instance. Women are now in the majority at every typical symphony, art exhibit, or recital. Check up, and they likely back the whole venture! Women now support the cultural activities men seem to have rejected in the mistaken idea that culture is too feminine for their attention.

Economically, it is the little lady in the rose-spattered hat who possesses the cash, too, these days. More than 4 million Canadian women own life insurance policies, and about one-quarter of all new policies are bought by women. At least 80 per cent of the beneficiaries are women, too.

Well over 50 per cent of the wealth of Canada is in the hands of women in the form of insurance, savings, mortgages, bonds and securities. (We can only assume that Douglas Abbott holds the rest.)

Collectively, women have more money in the bank than men. And they inherit over 60 per cent of all estates.

Let's get away from the mass, and take a look at the four groups who make up the 6 million women of Canada . . . the single working girl, the young-married, the wife-who-works, and the wife-who-runs-a-home.

The single girl works today, not as a five-year stopgap between graduation and wedding, but as a natural part of her life. According to the statistics, single girls have an annual income of something like 600 million dollars. Each one spends $350 a year on clothes, $16 on cosmetics and, presumably, a lot of time adding up her bank balance.

SINGLE WOMEN at work are on the increase. For alas, there are fewer men to marry. The man-surplus has sharply reversed in almost every country in the world. Even Canada's extra men have dwindled to a new low of 223,000, and most of these are hiding out north of the 50th parallel.

Twenty-five years ago the married woman who "had to work" was an object of pity. Today, the bride who returns from the honeymoon and doesn't get back on the job Monday morning is a rarity. Many are working while their husbands complete higher education, or until his income is strong enough to do combat with the high cost of eating.

The typical young-married continues working until she expects a child. And many women are going back to work as soon as the youngsters reach kindergarten age.

The U.S. Women's Bureau recently reported that that country is fast becoming "a nation of working couples". In some areas of the U.S., working wives outnumber single working girls two to one. At present more than 8 million married women hold jobs outside the home there.

The Employment Service in Toronto estimated that a third of the women seeking jobs in a year's period were married, and many of these had small children.

Since 1931 the number of working women in Canada has increased 65.2 per cent; and the number of married women working spiralled 380 per cent!

Our whole way of life seems to put pressure on the woman of the house to work outside the home. Women want more money to buy comforts, to educate their children, to help pay for their homes. And as our standard of living rises, few women can count on marriage to support them at home for the rest of their days.

THERE IS ANOTHER FACTOR. Industry is sentencing men and women of 45 to 50 to idleness. The financial burden of caring for such parents is heavier, since it must now be shared by fewer children. And today's young marrieds face a similar future.

Surveys show that out of every 100 women who work after marriage, 57 support themselves and in many cases, others; 21 have some special economic reason; and 22 enjoy the stimulation, the feeling of independence.

Dr. Margaret Meade, the noted anthropologist, has gone on record, saying our towns and cities will, in the future, be built and planned for family living, making it easier for women to work and have children.

And what of the wife-who-runs-the-home . . . the woman who represents the majority of Canada's women? Contrary to all the jokes, she is not lost in soap-opera bubbles. The gal isn't wearing those jeans to be picturesque! She has work to do!

She calls herself a plain, garden-variety homemaker. Actually, she holds the top-rating career among women. She spends 85 cents of every dollar her husband makes. As eight out of ten men turn family finances over to their wives, it's likely she handles all household business, from the mortgage payment to the light bill.

If you take a purely business view of her pale blue kitchen with the pink decals, it represents

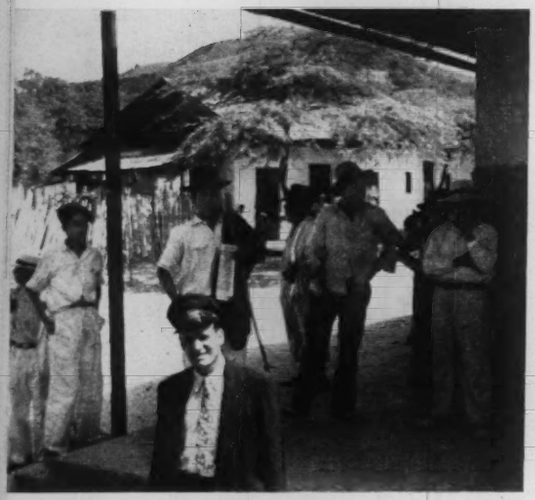
CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

EILEEN MORRIS *began her writing career on the editorial staff of a Canadian magazine, is now a free-lance writer.*

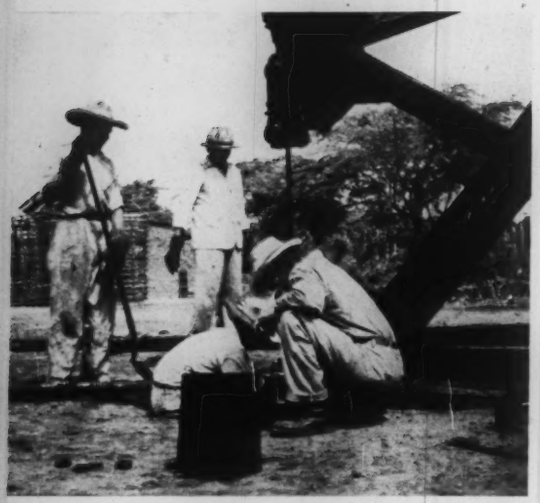
EXPORT MARKETS WON'T WAIT

We will need new customers for our expanded industrial output after rearmament ends. A Canadian who works in South America says now is the time to start selling there.

by R. K. Jones



CAPITAL at work is key to South America's transition from low buying-power rural economy to . . .



. . . INDUSTRIAL ONE, where good wages attract foreign goods. Above, Venezuela oil workers.

INDUSTRY & INCOMES support cities like Maracaibo, Venezuela, where more of both is generated. —R. K. Jones

ON ONE AIRPLANE last month, flying from Venezuela to Europe via Montreal, I met ten German sales representatives on their way home. Their briefcases were bulging with South American orders for machinery, tools, paper products, novelties and manufactured goods.

In the postwar years American capital has been flowing into South America; according to the Institute of Inter-American studies, United States private investment in 1947 alone was almost double the total for the period 1940-45. And this investment was not all in the huge extractive industries like oil, copper and iron. It was also in smaller manufacturing companies like the U.S. Royal Tire Co. in Venezuela; in food industries like the Rockefeller-sponsored fisheries, dairies, and supermarkets; and in merchandising like the Sears, Roebuck stores going up all over South America; and in many cases this investment is *in partnership* with South American capital.

There are lots of opportunities in South America, but they don't come a-knocking. They have to be met halfway, at least. The Germans and the Americans apparently feel it's worth while making the effort. The Bolivar Republics—Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia offer a market of some 30 million people. There are difficulties in opening it, but there is also a formula for overcoming the difficulties.

At present, and continuing perhaps for the short term, Canada's own industrial expansion, her increasing population, and her defence production program dampen the incentive to seek out new export markets. In the long run, however, development of new markets begun now will pay handsome dividends. When defence production and industrial expansion level off, foreign markets will be needed to keep the new factories busy and the new talents employed. Marketing opportunities won't wait passively until we are ready to use them.

The South American republics are developing their own industrial potential and protecting it with high tariffs. The United States, Britain, Germany and Japan—to mention only the main competitors—already have a long start in the race for whatever markets are left open.

So the Canadian businessman should begin thinking in terms of an export market—not just exports of basic materials such as newsprint, wheat, flour, fish, etc., which make up the large portion of our present exports to South America, but also exports of processed goods.

The export of completely processed goods for distribution and sale in the Bolivar countries is the most obvious, the simplest in operation, but unfortunately the most difficult form of export for Canadian firms to secure; it is also the least likely to develop into a permanent market. The problems to be faced are economic nationalism, dollar shortages and keen competition from other exporting countries especially the United States, Britain, Germany and Japan, who have a long lead and well-developed contacts. Those ten German salesmen on the one airplane didn't just "drop in" on the South American businessman. The trading position of Germany and Japan is further enhanced by their lower production costs.

The economic nationalism of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia received a terrific impetus through the demand for their products created during the war. Peasants were attracted from the soil and became artisans. They added new cash earnings to the buying power of each country and created a further expansion of markets. In each country *Corporaciones de Fomento* or Development Corporations, were set up as semi-official entities financed partially or wholly by governments to develop national manufacturing potentials even when these might be economically artificial and require high protective tariffs.

In many cases national pride has led to the formation of industries for which the economies are not yet ready. Some of these have been set up at the expense of necessary and more feasible businesses; as has happened in Venezuela, very proud of her rayon and drug industries, both highly protected, but still importing most of her foodstuffs.

Generally speaking, this trend applies at the present to consumers' goods, and in this category mainly to textiles, clothing, processed food, and drug industries. These are the first manifestations of the determination of South American countries to get away from their present position of raw material exporters dependent upon a Good Neighbor for a market and for manufactured articles.

THE U.S. Good Neighbor policy of the '30's enunciated in effect, but in other words, the old English Victorian thesis—you give us your materials, we'll give you manufactured goods, and we'll all profit. But South Americans are not buying that thesis any more. They are determined to find their own place in the manufacturing sun.

The formula for getting into the market is found in recognition of this trend and its force: the United States, through such agencies as the Export-Import Bank, the Office and Institute of Inter-American Affairs, Rockefeller's corporations, the Department of Agriculture and others, is sending first agricultural and medical experts to set a firm foundation of nutrition and health, and then technicians to guide the transition from an agricultural to an industrial economy. These are the forerunners of private investors, as envisaged by Truman's Four Point Program.

This policy has produced results already, for despite nationalism and tariffs, a large market for both consumer and industrial goods has developed. The dollar shortages impose some limits, but two of the five Bolivar Republics—Venezuela and Peru—have free currencies. The market in consumer goods consists mainly of those products not yet manufactured in Latin America which require large capital outlays for their manufacture—radios, cars, plumbing, electrical appliances, etc.

It is by no means unusual to see *adobe* shacks with radios and refrigerators inside and a car outside, and this in what, even five years ago, could have been considered the hinterland. For instance, a village called Punto Fijo in a desolate peninsula in Venezuela, was inhabited by only a few fishermen until two oil refineries were constructed there

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

R. K. JONES *was born in Peru, educated in Britain and Canada. For the past four years he has been in Venezuela as industrial relations supervisor for Shell Oil.*

THE WORLD TODAY

TAFT CAN'T BE ELECTED

by Willson Woodside

IF YOU HAVE been worrying over the possibility of Taft being elected President, and perhaps making Hoover his Secretary of State, Colonel Bertie McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* his Secretary of Defence and General MacArthur Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and placing Senator Joe McCarthy at the head of the Department of Justice, put it out of your mind right now. If Taft were elected, he would be heavily in debt to all of the above and obliged to reward at least some of them. But he can't be elected.

That doesn't say he can't be nominated. Only Republicans will be assembled in the Republican nominating convention in Chicago, July 7, and it may be that a majority of them will feel an undeniable hankering to nominate a *real* Republican, "Mr. Republican" himself.

But Republican votes cannot elect a President, and there has been precious little sign that Taft would win many independent votes, not to speak of nominally Democratic votes. The winning candidate must gain several millions of these; yet it is curious that to rock-ribbed Republicans the most damnable thing about General Eisenhower is that he is generally believed able to win these "enemy" votes.

They can't forgive him for having been virtually offered the Democratic nomination. This tribute to his universal appeal is to them proof that he is not a "real" Republican, but one who is committed by his record to the defence of the Roosevelt-Truman internationalist foreign policy.

The choice at the convention is going to be between "the man who is a living embodiment of Republicanism", and "the man who has an appeal to the whole of the American nation" —including independents and Democrats.

IT MAY BE that in blind hatred of Rooseveltism and Trumanism the convention majority will nominate a candidate who will go up and down the land tearing the recent Democratic administrations to shreds: "Fighting Bob Taft." But after 20 years in the wilderness, I fancy that the simple claim that can be made for Ike, "All we have to offer this convention is a candidate who cannot be beaten," ought to prove one of the most persuasive nominating speeches in history.

There are two simple sets of electoral statistics that no amount of enthusiasm for Taft's pure Republican principles can set aside. The first is that, with Truman out of the picture, a Democratic candidate such as Stevenson or Kefauver, opposing Taft, can come out of the South and the border states with 154 electoral votes, needing only 112 more, and can get these by winning only New York, California, Illinois and Massachusetts. In the last three presidential elections the Democrats have lost, of these four states, only New York in 1948, when the vote was split by the Wallace "Progressives."

The other basic statistic you can't get by is that, according to Gallup, Americans classify themselves today as 40 per cent Democrats, 32 per cent Republicans and 28 per cent Independents; and according to hard fact, the Republican share of the vote hasn't varied 1 per cent, in losing the last three elections.

Dewey merely came closer to winning in 1948 because he was able to take New York, Michigan, Indiana, Maryland, Connecticut and Oregon through the Wallace split, winning these states with 45 to 49 per cent of the vote. Willkie won more votes in 1940 than Dewey did in 1944 or '48 —though the country's population had grown and the administration had aged in the meantime—and those extra Willkie votes were independent votes.

Let us amplify the statistics. With only the states which they have carried in every election since 1940 the Democrats can amass 272 electoral votes, or 6 more than they need.

To show the handicap which the Republicans have to surmount to break into this Democratic territory —as they must do to win— I tabulate the highest percentage of the vote the Republicans have managed to win in any of the last three elections:

—International
TAFT feels the pressure in going all-out for Republican nomination on first ballot.

Washington (9)	42.7
Arizona (4)	43.8
Oklahoma (8)	44.2
Montana (4)	44.9
Utah (4)	45.0
West Virginia (8)	45.1
Kentucky (10)	45.2
New Mexico (4)	46.4
Massachusetts (16)	47.0
California (32)	47.1
Nevada (3)	47.3
Minnesota (11)	47.7
Idaho (4)	48.1
Illinois (27)	49.2

(Electoral vote in brackets)

Not only do the Republicans have to break into that list, of which Illinois could certainly be held against Taft by Governor Stevenson as the Democratic nominee, and California's liberal vote certainly could not be won by Taft, but they have to sweep the following list of states, won twice in the last three tries by the Democrats, and in none of which the Republicans have won as much as 51 per cent of the vote from 1940 to date:

New York (45)	48.0
Maryland (9)	49.4
Connecticut (8)	49.5
Oregon (6)	49.8
Delaware (3)	50.0
Ohio (25)	50.2
New Jersey (16)	50.3
Wisconsin (12)	50.4

And the Republicans must hold these states, which they have won twice in the last three elections, with their highest percentage:

Michigan (20)	49.0
Iowa (10)	52.0
Colorado (6)	53.2

Even in Indiana (13), which they have carried three times, their top has been 52.4 per cent.

Against the Democrats' Solid South and border states with 154 electoral votes, the Republicans start out with only 30 fairly sure votes from Maine, Vermont, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota. That is some measure of the task which the Republicans face in electing their candidate to the presidency.

From the record, and according to my feel of the situation, I have no doubt that Stevenson would accept

CARTOON COMMENT ON "THE GREATEST GAME"

—Yardley in The Baltimore Sun
IKE has lately blossomed out in Oregon, after unequalled sweep in Massachusetts.

—Carmack in Christian Science Monitor
"TRYING to catch somebody, Mister?" Kefauver is darling of voters, not leaders.

VOTERS have shown growing determination to have voice in choosing candidate.

—Cartoons by Herblock, Washington Post
IKE may not control Senate, but neither did Truman control it, most of the time.

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If you are planning security for your family through your Will or seeking management for your investments the Toronto General Trusts offers you the modern trust safeguard of group judgment. The combined resources and experience of this Corporation are brought to bear on your administrative problems as they arise. Based on a factual analysis of each situation group judgment makes for prudent and broadly based decisions. The Toronto General Trusts has a record of seventy years' successful administration of assets of all types. We cordially invite you to consult our officers in confidence and without obligation about your estate objectives.

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the Democratic nomination if Taft were made the Republican candidate, and win handily. Kefauver, an able and responsible man despite the coonskin cap (which was foisted on him by an opponent), could do the same; but so far his vote-getting ability has annoyed rather than persuaded the Party organization.

Of the Republican possibilities which might arise out of a Taft-Eisenhower deadlock, Governor Warren of California could probably make a very good race of it, while Stassen would perhaps be next best. But the only sure GOP winner—that is, as sure as anything can be in politics—is Ike Eisenhower. If, when all the talk is over about Bob Taft's superlative Republican qualities, the delegates decide that, after all, "the first qualification of our candidate is the ability to be elected", then it will be Eisenhower for candidate and Eisenhower for President.

Another consideration that must weigh in Ike's favor is that only the strongest vote-getting presidential candidate can carry in on his coat-tails enough Republican senators to assure control of the entire Congress by the Administration.

The third of the Senate seats which fall due this year does not favor a Republican victory. Only 14 of the 34 seats are Democratic, and of these 5 are in the Solid South. Four are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

—Miller

COMPROMISE candidate in case of Taft-Ike deadlock could be Governor Warren of California, a liberal with a wide appeal.

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES
20's in PACKAGES
50's in FLAT TINS

"Captain Morgan's in town!"

...and he's bringing you a finer Rum Old Fashioned!

An appetizing old favourite with a welcome new flavour—that's an Old Fashioned made with mellow Captain Morgan Rum!

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I AGREE . . . IT'S THE BEST INVESTMENT JIM EVER MADE . . .

Smart's
"GREAT CANADIAN"
Power Mower

2 POLE

18" Cut—1 H.P.
21" Cut—1½ H.P.

MADE IN CANADA

If you judge a power mower by sound engineering, ease of handling, rugged performance, you'll choose Smart's "Great Canadian." Quick starting, *self-propelled*! Plenty of power for straight-away or hills. Ends grass-cutting drudgery. Makes mowing a pleasure for every member of the family.

EFFICIENCY—LONG LIFE

Powerful 4-cycle Johnson Motor—Hyatt, SKF and Oilite Bearings for long life—crucible steel blades and heavy chrome alloy steel knife.

OPERATING SIMPLICITY

Finger-tip control—Tubular steel handle adjustable for height—heavy 10" non-slip tires—constant speed governor.

See them at Hardware or Dept. Stores or write to Canada Foundries & Forgings Limited, Brockville.

MUSIC'S ONE-WAY STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

he records for Victor as Montana Slim. A more recent cowboy singer-composer is Orval Prophet of Edwards, Ont. Prophet's "Judgment Day Express", with lyrics and tune that could have come from the songbag of either an evangelist or a cowboy, scored when he sang it for Decca officials in the auditorium at Nashville, Tenn., last year. Nashville has become the hillbilly and folk music centre of this continent; all major record companies have studios there.

In Canada folk music interest has meant that Don Messer's Islanders, originally a PEI group, now have a trans-Canada radio hookup.

Like most publishers St. Clair Low of Canadian Music Sales Corporation is cautious these days about touching a sweet ballad or sophisticated music when the folksy market is bullish. But he is having success with Canadian hillbilly music. For instance, Harold Breau, a Low discovery, is in the U.S. now. He is a cowboy composer ("Prince Edward Island Is Heaven to Me") and performer. His "Goodbye and So Long to You" is to be recorded by ballad singer Burl Ives.

FOLK or country music can evidently be as preposterous as you want. In Quebec the songs "Maurice Richard" and "The Three Rivers Bridge Disaster" please both Les Canadiens and Premier Duplessis when sung by hillbilly singers in French on Maple Leaf and Decca records.

There are some anomalies in Canadian music publishing that brings laughs from the tragic situation of an art form that seems, to some, to be almost denied Canadians. For the Royal Visit of 1939 a Canadian wrote a "welcome-to-Canada" song; it was just what one might expect in quality and its few sales didn't pay costs. Last October the remaining copies of sheet music were sent around to dealers again with the chance of riding free on the enthusiasm of the Elizabeth-Philip visit. Result: 200 more copies were sold—or "as window displays they were so sun-faded they couldn't be returned."

The CBC catalogue of Canadian composers lists the pop gentry in a little group on the last page.

Occasionally a Canadian makes a name for himself and his works on an off-the-beaten track. And each time it happens we should cheer. Take for instance the 37-year-old singer and composer Felix Leclerc. Last year this former Quebec disc jockey and scriptwriter was a hit for several weeks in Paris, singing his own plaintive tunes in a warm, low voice with guitar accompaniment. He has composed about 50 pieces. One of his best, "Moi, Mes Souliers" won the Grand Prix du Disque for 1951, the French Oscar for a popular song.

Many have heard the "Squid Jiggin' Grounds", in the traditional Newfoundland style. It was written 22 years ago by Art Scammell, a Montreal schoolteacher, when he was a boy of 15 in his home fishing village of Change Islands. Scammell is now the best-known living troubadour and composer of Newfoundland folk songs. Although he has turned out scores of them, his "Squid Jiggin' Grounds", about the shallow squid grounds where men talked from boat to boat as they waited to plunge their hooks into the water for squid, is best known. It has had a record sale of about 7500. Excepting Quebec, Newfoundland is the one Canadian province that has a true musical folklore. The bulk of it is sad sea sagas, sung to old Irish, Welsh and Cornish tunes.

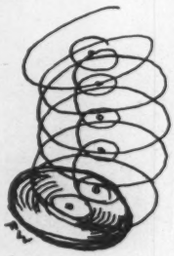
Having a popular Canadian song on records is not enough to guarantee a hit. "It will still lack the promotional drive that record manufacturers put into American works," says Don Wright whose famed choir have recorded two numbers that no one buys. Canadian Music Sales Corporation arranged records of singers George Murray and Gisèle doing a pair of native compositions with standard popular U.S. material on the other sides. But disc jockeys didn't bite and so neither did the public.

The mathematics of making a song popular in Canada are impressive and depressing. Out of 14 million people the market would be fewer than 4 million and the cost of making a song popular is phenomenal. Ruth Lowe with her "I'll Never Smile Again" luckily met Tommy Dorsey during the war and he added it to the repertoire of his orchestra. Publishers would like nothing better than a Canadian song hit in Canada but they still have in the back of their minds a possible big sale in the U.S. The song "Bluebird on My Windowsill" by the British Columbia nurse Elizabeth Clarke would never have been a hit if it had been confined to Canada.

There have been sporadic efforts to promote Canadian popular music but nothing seems to have stuck. Some years ago the CBC did run a program to stimulate original popular tunes but with no lasting success. Composition contests have been conducted at various times but after picking winners and playing them over at contest close that has been the end. Almost alone in her efforts today is songstress Vi Henderson who broadcasts a weekly show from Hamilton and includes one Canadian song. Some advice after hearing two Henderson programs: make sure the material is of good calibre and not simply played because it is "Canadian".

CURRENTLY CBC producer Jackie Rae and musician Lou Snider have rather attractive songs out entitled "The Stars Will Cry" and "Valley of the Saints". But their best hope for success is that the music will get American acceptance.

Actually the most solid contribu-



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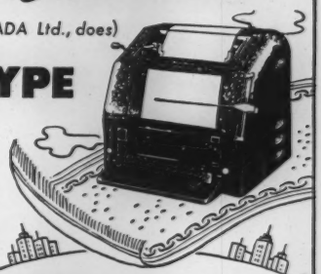

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J-7

tion to Canadian popular-music composition should come from the Canadian producers and performers—such as Jackie Rae, Don Wright, Leslie Bell (who, incidentally, has done a great deal toward making popular the folk tunes of Newfoundland), *avant-garde* popular pianist Rudy Toth, Howard Cable, Eric Wild, Jack Arthur in the CNE Grandstand Show, Samuel Hersenhoren, Harry Pryce in the Vancouver Theatre Under the Stars. They should make it a practice to include some *good* Canadian compositions on their programs. Disc jockeys also should cease to be cowed by the questionable Hit Parade ratings, should make a break and slip in, say, every half-hour, a good Canadian composition.

Len Hopkins and his orchestra (at Ottawa's Chateau Laurier and Jasper Park Lodge for the past decade) seem to be an excellent example and a ray of hope. They have more than 150 Canadian pop numbers arranged and in their repertoire — and play them regularly to a steady and faithful following. They make a success of featuring Canadian music, which proves it can be done. (Incidentally, Hopkins wrote "Sault Ste. Marie", which gained considerable international attention, being recorded by Frankie Carle in U.S. and Charlie Kunz in U.K.)

And will the Canadian variety be as good? That remains to be seen but it must be remembered that New York show numbers are well propped up with stories, introductory singers like Ezio Pinza, Mary Martin and Ethel Merman, and the everlasting promotion by record companies.

A New York publisher recently opined, "I doubt if even top show tunes could have made the grade on their own."

Harry Pryce, the Vancouver musical director, says: "Television will do a great deal to aid composers present their works, and some Dominion-wide competitions would undoubtedly help. Radio presentations dealing with the subject would keep the public informed of our own artists . . . Canada needs a 'centre' of distribution to achieve its own market and possibly in the future Toronto will be that market."

Popular as the arranged music of Bell, Wright, Agostini, Cable, etc., may be, it is still not original. And there are critics of even these arrangements—not simply among those who still argue purely on so-called classical grounds but among those who look back at the genesis of jazz.

FRANK MORRISS, music critic of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, fires both barrels: "The best popular music springs from the soil, is earthy and part of the people themselves. For this reason, I don't care much for the slicked-up, rather swooning arrangements which come largely from the Andre Kostelanetz school. The Leslie Bell Singers, for instance, are pouring far too much treacle on the songs that they are singing, and this goes for much of the Canadian arrangements, which are definitely influenced by the U.S.

"Generally symphonic arrangements of popular tunes are overdressed abominations. This applies to a great deal that is coming from the east over the radio. I feel that Eric Wild of the CBC in Winnipeg is putting a more racy and infectious quality into his popular arrangements.

"What we need in Canada at present," continues Morriss, "is not the sweetening up of old tunes in so-called popular guise but in putting some pulse in our tunes. Let's not imitate the so-called highbrows. Let us throw our musical hats in the air, take chances, and have some fun. That is exactly what the Negroes were doing in the U.S. when they were rocking the cradle of jazz. They had something that was really their own, not a slicked-up imitation of somebody else's."

Perhaps jazz itself is a dying musical art and not even TV can save it. Composer, conductor and musicologist Lazare Saminsky, on a visit to the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto at the end of March, certainly thinks so.

"Jazz had a beneficial effect because it shook the foundations of musical culture at the time out of a lazy state," Saminsky said, "but jazz itself was not a lasting creative power and has now gone into a somnolent state." Saminsky looks to TV as the great hope: "TV will make serious music more popular and will push jazz off the scene."

Well, then, do we want Canadian jazz if it is eventually going to be pushed off the scene? Or could we perhaps start afresh and work up a body of popular Canadian musical literature—something that might endure longer than U.S. jazz?

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HUMAN GUINEA PIG IN A JET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

round to the left and there he was floating up from under us.

Then the F86 said: "I'd better leave you now."

"O.K. Thanks a lot," said Wens. It peeled off to the left, and dropped like a stone. I've seen gulls wheel and swoop with just such a motion. We went on climbing towards Montreal.

We reached the city at about 30,000 feet. The whole of Lake Champlain was visible. Montreal looked flat and dead, some streets beside a river. We were in a world of our own. It was a silent, light, calm world. Very peaceful. Motion and noise and bustle were absent and irrelevant. We floated, detached in a vast serenity. I was captivated by this super-earthly calm the pilots know so well. I made some remark about it.

WENS' answer was not poetic, but I knew he knew what I was feeling. He just said: "There are more than a million people crawling about down there."

The inventions of the human mind have given back something in return for their demands on the human body.

Then Wens said: "Want to have a look?" and rolled the T33 on its side. When I'd finished grabbing for something to hold onto, I realized Montreal was at my eye level. He was sparing me the trouble of turning my eyes downwards.

As we turned away, the peaceful vision of the skies (which I still cherish) shattered horribly. He said: "We'll do a diving roll to the right."

We did. That first plunge, when the sky and the earth turn topsy-turvy, is sickening. They spun round me. I cowered and waited for it to stop. When at last it did stop, we were sailing serenely towards the horizon.

The next question came from the dunce of the class. I said: "How on earth do you come out of that the right way up heading in the right direction?"

PATIENTLY, but with surprise in his voice, Wens said: "Oh, you just keep your eye on the horizon. Here, I'll do it again slowly." He did.

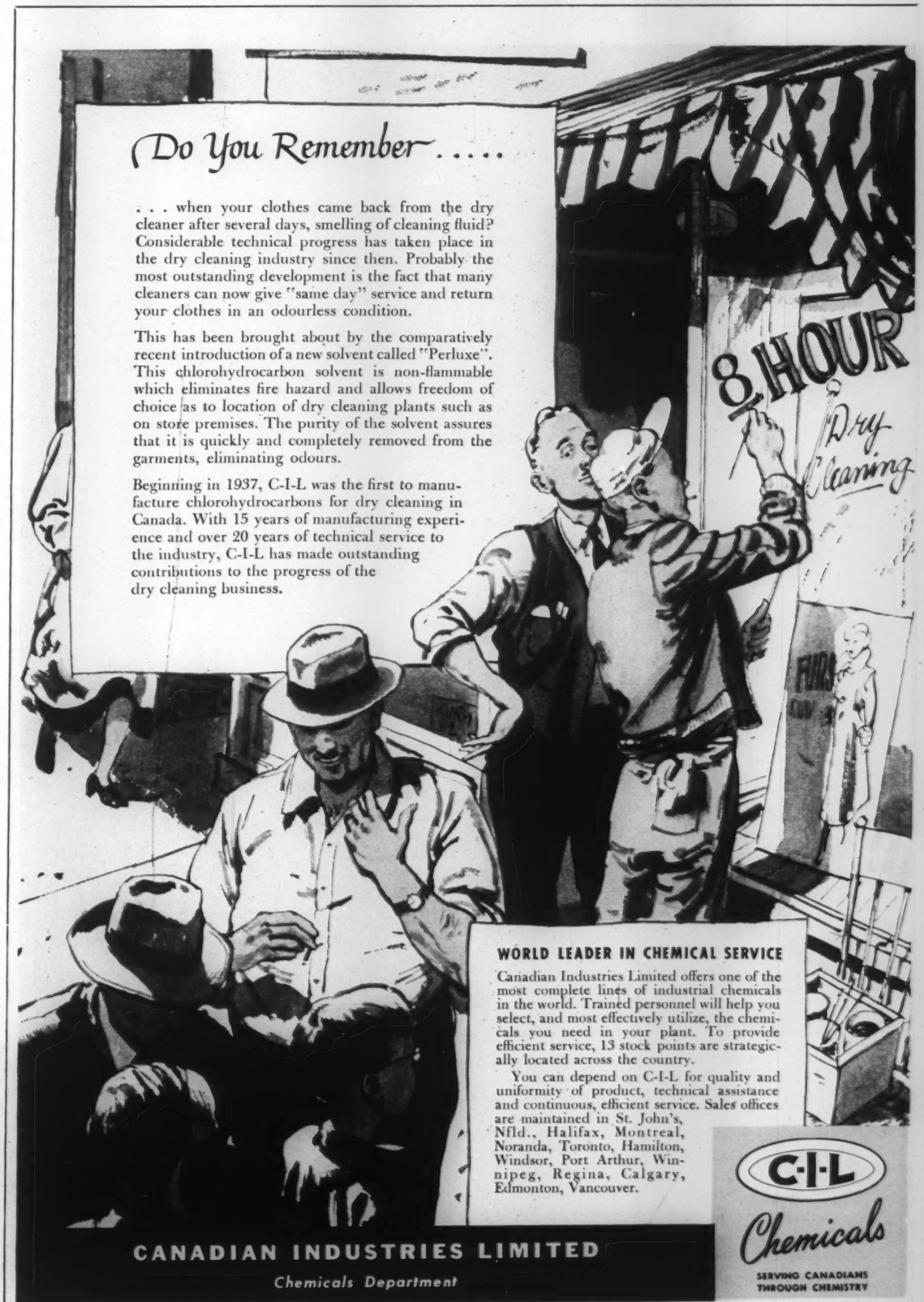
I was learning about *g*. It's the centrifugal force which pulls your body down into the plane with several times the force of gravity. It paralyzes you. I felt like a sack of potatoes—an uncomfortable, horrid, squashed-up sack.

"I'll try and do a nice loop for you," said Wens. The earth had long ago ceased to mean anything to me. It was the carpet which sometimes appeared as a ceiling. It was the backdrop at one side of a revolving stage operated by a madman. The instruments in front of me were more stable. I watched them.

The needle showed we were going down, diving fast. Then I lost sight of the needle. We shot upwards, and when we went upside down it was a relief. I didn't mind the earth being above my head: it looked all right. At least I wasn't being pressed out like an orange in a squeezer. Then there was another long squeeze. When I collected my surroundings again, the sky was back on top. "I gave you about four G's," said Wens. "We have to take about six in the ordinary course."

I think I'll never now be tempted to underrate these flying boys. I'll never again watch the smooth and effortless stunts of a jet plane without thinking of that horrible downward compression and the shrinking of the stomach. These RCAF boys train their bodies to endure a lot. The mind drives the body hard to keep pace with its inventions.

For myself, I'd like to have a two-seater jet. Sometimes I'd climb up to 30,000 feet in the evenings after a hard day. It would be ideal to escape into the remote, clear skies, where motion and bustle and noise have no place and the voice of the politician is not heard. But I'd never let my pilot stunt on the way down.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U.K. BUSINESS

U. S. TARIFFS: THE BIG STICK

by John L. Marston

FIRMS which have hoped to sell for good dollars — primarily British firms, but many others as well — are alarmed by the moves of American competitors to raise tariffs, or establish quotas, for goods whose entry into American markets they find embarrassing.

Sales-promotion outlay in the U.S. market is high, consequently if a sales-drive for a particular product fails, the promoter's losses may be heavy. There is, as a result, an initial reluctance to undertake an American campaign. The additional threat that the campaign may be frustrated in proportion as it succeeds may be enough to dissuade even the hardiest firms from undertaking it.

The offending legislation is the clause in the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act which allows American firms to demand higher tariffs if they feel that foreign competitors are injuring their trade. It is this clause which has been invoked to restrict imports of, particularly, light vehicles and pottery from Britain.

It's hardly conceivable that such restrictive power should ever have been allowed to American business: the explanation is, of course, purely political. The whole idea of free enterprise in the American market is nonsensical if foreign competition is to be stifled as soon as it begins to succeed.

It is this principle which is now discouraging foreign firms from setting up elaborate selling organizations in the United States. They have been cautious hitherto on account of the big expense involved, and also because experience has shown that the established American firms are able to exert pressure in many ways to prevent "interlopers" from distributing through the normal channels.

Now there is the additional, much more fundamental, deterrent that if, despite the difficulties, foreign goods are successful, their success will automatically establish a case for restriction. The absurd situation could thus arise where a foreign firm would consider it advisable to "pull its punches" because its goods were selling better than the corresponding domestic products; for otherwise it might be deprived of the opportunity to sell even on a modest scale.

BRAIN-TEASER

TRUTH WILL OUT

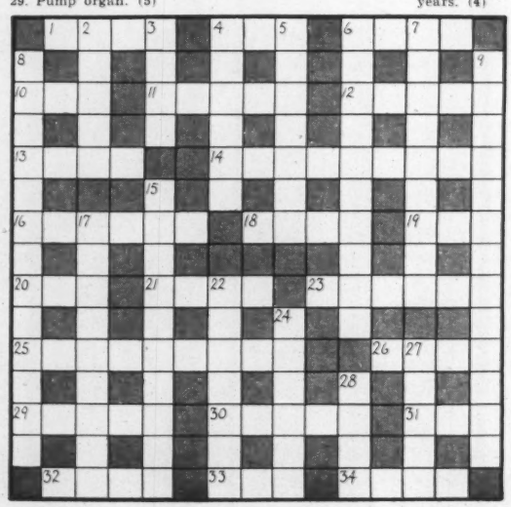
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 32
4. 34, 6 across and 32. Its many virtues make it suspect—(3,4,2,2,4)
4. 32, 6 across and 34. —but as Shaw put it, its very rightness makes it suspect. (3,4,2,2,4)
6. See 4 across.
10. Is the cheese a knockout? On the contrary! (3)
11. See 8.
12. Get to the 29 of false rumors. (5)
13. Exclamation to be quiet at dinner, perhaps. (4)
14 and 17. Do gentlemen who prefer blondes enjoy this at Coney Island? (3,3,3,2,3,4)
16. So one's looping the loop to make them. (6)
18. A 19's home makes a change for an un 11 teller. (4)
19. Get 75 cents worth back from a buck? (3)
20. The bather's gone in without donning hers. (3)
21. See 25.
23. This carriage starts automatically on land. (6)
25 and 21. The Primrose Path. (3,4,2,4)
26. Even a little baronet may turn out to be one! (4)
29. Pump organ. (5)
30. Lions' diningroom many an era back. (5)
31. Its drops are diamonds in the 33. (3)
32 and 1. Honest! It's colored! (4-4)
33. See 31. (3)
34. See 4 across.

DOWN

2. See 7.
3. No end of chopped steak to fill up on. (4)
4. He sounds like a real guy! (6)
5. "To thine own self be true", her father said. (7)
6. Sure! teach a man to be a provincial leader. (10)
7 and 2. G.B.S. and Monty Woolley could never be this untruthful. (9,5)
8 and 11. A cross-examiner hopes to produce it. (7,3,3,5)
9. Change a woman but not a change of sex. (1,3,5,4)
15. The "drys" won't object to its contents with ginger. (4,6)
17. See 14.
22. Chibiabos and Kwasind were two of Longfellow's. (7)
24. See 27. (6)
27. Entertaining product of 24 times— (5)
28. —responsible for making it Happy for years. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 10
10, 7 and 1. A step in the right direction
11. Badminton
12. Series
13. Fried egg
15. Reissue
16. Ernest
19. Atomic
21. Magenta
24. Infernal
26. Bumper
28. Solecisms
29. Typed
30. Window cleaners

DOWN

2. Interdict
3. Hapless
4. Debt
5. Radar beams
6. Crimean
7. See 10
8. Nonage
9. Hansard
14. Neo-classic
17. Sand-piper
18. Car ride
20. Morocco
22. Glutton
23. Jigsaw
25. Felon
27. Isle

BUSINESS COMPETITION

NEW COMPETITION FROM JAPAN

by P. M. Richards

A NEW KIND of Japanese trade competition is coming along, and exports-conscious Canadians would do well to give attention to it.

The situation is that just when the international scramble for export markets is intensifying and Canada is meeting strong competition in her search for new markets to replace those cut off by exchange obstacles, newly-independent Japan is preparing to launch a powerful drive for export sales.

In fact, the drive is already under way, not only in the overseas countries — India, Latin America, Western Europe—to which Canada is looking for increased exports business and in Japan's old special markets of South-East Asia, Indonesia and Africa, but in North America itself. Japanese businessmen are already sending sewing machines, bicycles, clocks, knitted goods to this continent to sell at prices that are disturbing to western producers. They will soon be sending much more.

An important change from past Japanese competition is that their new goods are to be of good quality, the Japanese claim. Instead of the cheaply-made, gimcrack articles of the past, depending for sales on low prices, future Japanese exports are definitely to have quality as well as price appeal, they say. This will be achieved by using the most modern, efficient machinery and methods. Low-cost Japanese labor plus the new efficiency in production will give them an export pricing advantage.

This increased efficiency in production is to be the key factor in their exports campaign. While it is a sound objective, it obviously is a costly and difficult one. Much or most of the new industrial machinery and equipment will come from the United States, and a problem will be to acquire the necessary U.S. dollars. The Japanese already have a good deal of sterling exchange because they are exporting more to the sterling area countries than they are buying from them. But the pound sterling is not convertible, and until it is made so, the Japanese will have to sell all they can to the U.S. in order to get dollars. And presumably to Canada too, in view of the high exchange rating of our dollar. The Japanese Government has set aside $100 million in U.S. funds to aid the purchasing of American equipment.

It should be noted that this Japanese drive for exports and modernization is aimed at more than additional prosperity. They say it's necessary for their very survival. Japan is now spending annually between $500 million and $600 million more on imports than she is receiving from her exports. She would be broke if it were not for U.S. official expenditures in Japan for the Korean War and the occupation forces and personal spendings by the latter. From now on, with Japan again independent, this dollar income will decline fairly sharply. Furthermore, Japan's economic position has been made much more difficult than it used to be by the loss of the big China market and of many territorial sources of materials and food.

All this means that the new exports drive is a very real and purposeful one. The Japanese are now engaged on a big research program to determine the products and markets that will be most rewarding. They are apparently planning to export a much wider range of goods than they did before the war, including heavy and light machinery, electrical and scientific equipment, plastics, textiles, chemicals and canned foods.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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27-J

Of course Canada and the U.S. can protect their home markets against Japanese goods by raising tariffs. But foreign markets are another matter. Right now, the world's export trade is rapidly becoming more competitive. If our own production costs and prices keep rising, the Japanese advantage will be a strong one.

Ease More Controls?

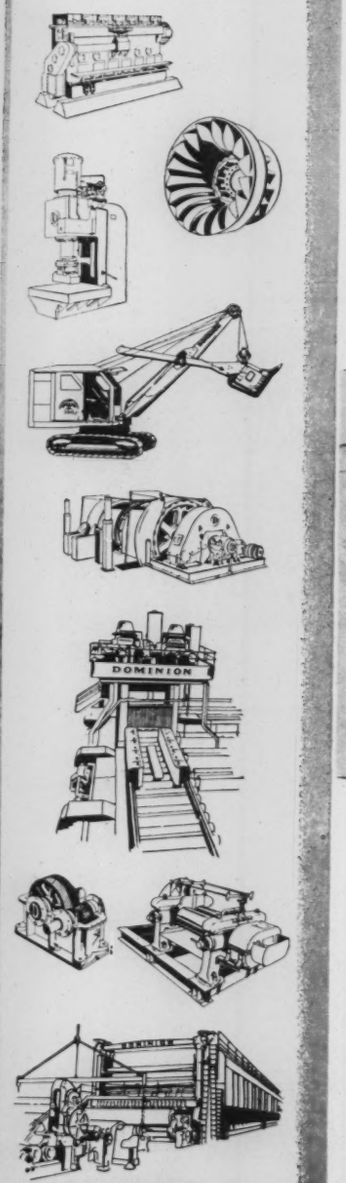
A BIG REASON why consumer buying has not jumped vigorously following the Government's removal — or suspension — of its instalment credit restrictions is that they were only one item in its anti-inflation policy, which otherwise remains in effect as I pointed out here last week. The other items (apart from taxes) have been limits on bank lending and the temporary disallowance of depreciation write-offs on "unnecessary" capital expenditures. These latter restrictions are potently anti-inflationary, since they tend to prevent, or discourage, many undertakings that would have expanded purchasing power.

The Government could have permitted these enterprises to proceed and confined itself to trying to hold prices down by "freezing" them. But it knew that the upward pressures on prices were dangerously strong and that it would not be able permanently to hold them in line. In fact prices were already advancing all too rapidly. So it took the unpopular but courageous course of choking off new developments at the source if they did not fit into the country's defence and defence-associated program. Of course it was unpopular because it meant killing off a lot of new jobs and new dollars. But this obviously was preferable to doing serious injury to the defence effort and the people themselves by letting the inflation become runaway.

Now that successive declines in the cost-of-living index are indicating that inflation is being restrained, and with new evidence of a general downturn in business activity where it is not supported by defence and defence-associated expenditures, the Government has lifted the instalment credit limitations and may shortly take action to reduce, though probably not totally remove, the depreciation restrictions. It might be noted that the reduction of bank lending was adopted by the chartered banks themselves on the advice of the Bank of Canada, not by Government order.

All the Government's anti-inflation measures, again with the exception of tax changes, are designedly highly flexible; they can be lightened or removed or tightened very readily. Thus they can usefully contribute to keeping the national economy on a more or less even keel. The bad feature is that the use of them tends to accustom the people to dependence on Government controls, and the Government to exercising such controls, which, of course, means a reduction of personal freedom. Though this doesn't sound very dangerous, it is where all dictatorships begin.

If there should be a definite business slump (which does not now seem likely) there will quickly be demands for stimulatory action by Government. And no doubt it will quickly be forthcoming, in line with majority public opinion. That is why we shall continue to have inflation.



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the machines that are helping build a

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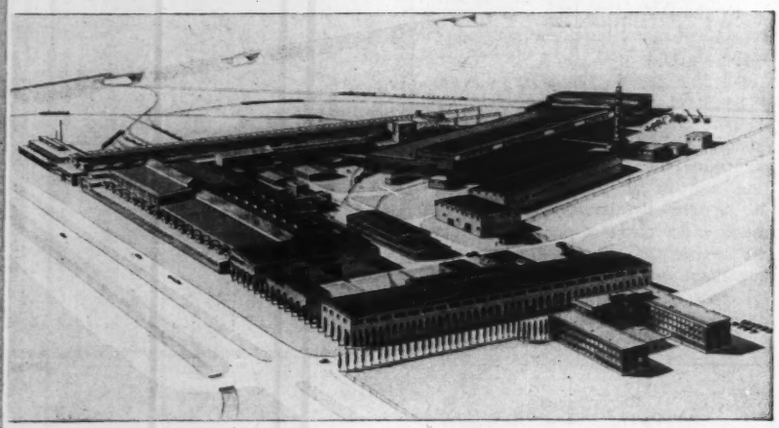

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U.S. BUSINESS

SEAWAY TO BE SHELVED

by R. L. Hoadley

AS THE WEEKS go by it becomes increasingly evident that the St. Lawrence Seaway project will be caught in an adjournment log-jam in the U.S. Congress. When the Senate Foreign Relations Committee recently brought out, without recommendation, the 11-year-old agreement for joint Canada-U.S. development, the Seaway hit a major road block.

Failure to obtain a favorable recommendation obviously hurt the bill's chances of enactment this session. The Truman Administration has sent up two messages to Congress in a valiant attempt to save the bill from its 1951 fate when it was pigeonholed at the last minute in the adjournment rush.

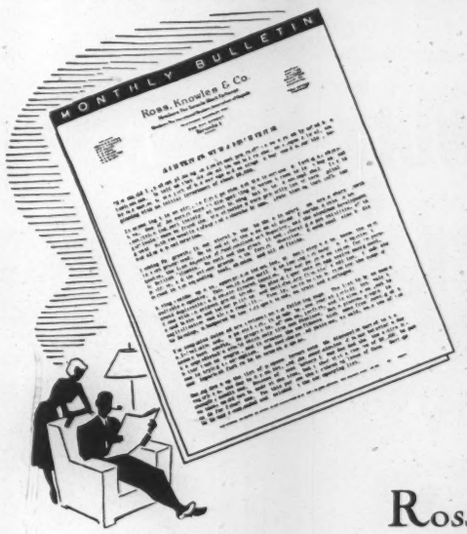
The White House is pressing hard for the legislation but President Truman, ever since he bowed out of the presidential race, has headed a "stand-by" Administration that is steadily growing more impotent in its influence on Congress.

Democratic leaders are planning to wind up this session of Congress before the national political conventions convene in July. To do so, they must push hard for action on regular appropriation bills, foreign aid and continued price controls. Usually the White House sends congressional leaders a list of "must" bills on which action is expected before adjournment. This spring there has been less talk of "must" bills apart from the appropriation bills.

Should the Seaway bill reach the Senate floor, and most observers doubt that it will, opponents of the measure say they are prepared to "talk the bill to death". That is not hard to do when restless legislators are anxious to go home.

Senator Alexander Wiley, Republican from Wisconsin, who was instrumental in forcing the bill out of committee, still appears confident that the Seaway bill will be passed before adjournment. But few of his colleagues share his optimism. Senator Tom Connally of Texas, arch-enemy of the Seaway, is retiring from the Senate at the end of the year. But he retains his chairmanship of the powerful Foreign Relations Committee until he gets out and can still get in some effective licks before Congress adjourns. Connally, incidentally, has finally stated the reason he is so opposed to the Seaway; it "discriminates" against Gulf of Mexico ports.

Canadian Gold Producers



In the first of a series on Canadian Industry, our Monthly Bulletin for May discusses some of the factors affecting the gold producers and reviews several of the better situated companies.

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EXPORTS MARKETS WON'T WAIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

five years ago. Today, you can buy anything there: Swiss watches, French wines, Japanese cameras, American cars and automatic laundries, Dutch crockery, British cloths, etc., etc. And the market is larger still for primary goods, machinery, tools, construction materials, etc.

But who is getting this market? The United States is getting a large part of it—for mass produced articles especially. And naturally all the experts, technicians and advisers referred to above suggest and work with American products. And if a factory or an industry tools up American, it will replace American, thus ensuring a long term demand.

Markets also depend upon importers and merchandisers. Both Britain and Holland have long established commercial importing and exporting firms in these countries, with developed reputations and contacts. The Germans are in an even stronger position. More than any other nationality, the Germans have emigrated to the Bolivar Republics, and their descendants are now second and third generation nationals of those countries. Most of these have entered the import-export and merchandising businesses. They comprise a ready-made market for the expanding German industries.

There is a market in these countries, in all of Latin America; but it is a buyers' market. Exporters there first and with the best service will get that market, but they will have to win it. Canada has a good name all through South America, but a good name that is still anticipatory rather than proven through long contact; this is a good start, but no excuse for being late. Harry Chapin Plummer quoted in a bulletin of the Canadian Exporters' Association, speaks of opportunities in Brazil in words that apply equally to the Bolivar Republics: "I believe it would pay, and pay well, any Canadian exporter to make a thorough study of the development, for example, of the already mighty (though less than ten years old) Volta Redonda steel mills between Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paolo. True, the industry was founded largely by Export-Import Bank financing, with all purchases earmarked at U.S. sources. But the 'trick' that escapes many Canadian or other foreign suppliers is that while Volta Redonda, *per se*, is 'hooked' to the Export-Import deal, it is surrounded by a swiftly increasing colony of industrial and trade units that are not beholden to the U.S. They are susceptible to consistent, competitive bidding by Canadian or any overseas countries equipped to provide the sort of processed or semi-processed goods required by plants established in Brazil to service the big smelters and rolling mills."

WITH MUCH of the Latin American market disappearing behind high tariffs, and the rest subjected to keen competition, the trend already discernible and sure to become more pronounced in the future is the export of capital and technique to form branch industries to completely process goods or finish semi-processed goods, in partnership with national capital in the country of location. This is, in effect, what Truman's Point Four program boils down to after the trimmings are removed: nothing less than the old political adage, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. In other words, utilize the prevailing economic nationalism, set up national industries, employing national labor and attracting national capital. Expropriation? There's always this risk, *but* for the large extractive industries or those that are exclusively foreign owned, *not* for a national industry with national capital involved. And paradoxically, the smaller the industry, which entails a lesser original investment, the safer it is from expropriation.

Further, much of the trouble in the Bolivar Republics can be traced to the lack of an industrial and commercial middle class to counterbalance the three-way struggle between a now politically articulate laboring class, the huge foreign industries, and the landed class who desire a return to the old system. In every one of these countries the military has stepped in in the name of peace and order. But such a middle class is rapidly growing, and we can expect a younger generation of more mature, better educated and more stable citizens.

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IF INDUSTRY NEEDS IT...CANADIAN VICKERS BUILDS IT—BETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

considered safe; so that to win the Senate the Republicans have to pick off 3 of the remaining 5 seats, *and hold all of their own 20.*

Some of these twenty would be such a good riddance to the Republican Party that it is conceivable that Ike might take a long term view and not exert himself to help them, waiting instead for the next round, in 1954. His foreign policy, in any case, would be safe in a Democrat-controlled Senate.

P. O'D.

DEER STILL THRIVE

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR it was who loved the deer as if he were their father, and who showed his affection by hunting them furiously in the forests he set apart for their abode. But he kept the thinning of their numbers as his own royal privilege, and woe betide the poor devil who loosed off a greygoose shaft at one and was caught in the act. Hanging was the least that would happen to him.

In these modern days with about fifty million people occupying the land once mostly forest and wilderness, it might be thought that deer would have entirely disappeared from the country, except in parkland and deer forest where they are carefully watched and preserved. But such is apparently not the case. Recent surveys seem to indicate that considerable numbers of deer are living at large in certain areas of the country and prospering.

No one can say how much the deer population has grown and no one can really be sure that it has grown at all. What is quite certain is that the deer have increased their range. They are to be found wandering about in parts of the country where previously they were unknown except in parks. In fact, their present freedom is attributed largely to the breaking up of big estates and the neglect of fencing and game-keeping.

There are not enough deer roving about the country to cause any worry to farmers by their depredations. They seem to keep so far as possible to what wilderness is left. But with so little wilderness and so many hungry millions of people the astonishing thing is that they should be able to survive at all without special protection. It is a pleasant thought that they do, but perhaps they owe their survival to the fact that not enough people like venison for it to be worth the poacher's while to kill and sell them. When it is worth his while they won't last long.

LORD ALEXANDER has always been notable for the genius which is a kind of sublimated common sense. He has never displayed it to better effect than in his maiden speech in the House of Lords, which, in the words of Lord Pakenham, "at once established him as one of the leading figures in the House." That this was not merely one of the customary courtesies of such occasions the whole attitude of the House made perfectly clear.

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P. C. FINLAY,
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A SCHOOL TRUSTEE TALKS BACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Comes indignant protest from the local boosters and businessmen who naturally want to keep the local dollars at home. They know the school students will buy their books and their pop and their cosmetics and many of their clothes in the area where they attend school.

"Besides," these local boosters say, "how can we entice settlers to our fair village if there isn't a high school here?" Parents complain . . . and rightly so . . . that travelling back and forth to school in a bus is bad. Since the bus picks them up at four, children get little opportunity to participate in the extensive extra-curricular programs provided by the larger schools. Once again the trustee is in the middle. Whatever he does will be considered wrong by somebody.

Builders and the manufacturers of school equipment are giving us a rough time, too. Because of the rush of families to the suburbs and the increased birth-rate, practically every suburban school has an overcrowding problem. In our school, each year since the war between 30 and 40 shiny-faced beginners have showed up for Grade I at the beginning of the term, while only about a dozen have graduated from Grade VIII at the end of the term. A net gain of half a roomful of students a year.

Fortunately we had two extra basement rooms that could be turned into classrooms and so we haven't had to build . . . yet. Other schools haven't been so fortunate. They have built extensions at staggering costs. Down the road from us a small brick two-room school has just finished adding two more rooms . . . not big ones . . . at a cost of $77,000. (Our entire six-room school cost just over $35,000 in 1939.) A nearby high school added 15 rooms and a gymnasium last year for just under $400,000.

Equipping a school isn't what it used to be either. In the old days, as long as you had seats (adjustable to grow with the kids), a blackboard, a couple of maps, a strap and a few other odds and ends, you were in business. Not any more. Each advance in education has required new and more expensive equipment. The modern school is a cross between a movie house and a recreational centre.

If you haven't at least a moving-picture projector, a radio and record player for each room and a good printing machine, you can't expect your staff to do an effective job. You can add a television set to that in a few months. In the high school mentioned above they have introduced some of the standard modern equipment. There is a public-address system, for instance, so that the principal can pick up a microphone and talk to any part of the school. Saves him strolling around or sending a messenger. There are expensive drapes in many of the rooms and a large cafeteria in the basement.

To be sure in some provinces the departments of education pay a part of the shot for building and equipment, but the school board still has to raise most of it.

BESIDES all this, just being a school-board member involves plenty of hard work. If you are chairman, you can count on giving about one-quarter of your time to the job. You are constantly being badgered by complaining parents, complaining teachers, people who insist that the chimney needs cleaning, local organizations who want to use the school, and janitors who are determined that they won't.

Even when you aren't chairman you serve on a committee (maintenance, supply, finance, etc.), which means that you spend long hours between monthly meetings, drawing up budgets, shopping around for second-hand desks, preparing a report on salary schedules, or finding out how much it will cost to fence the property.

Nobody minds these chores, of course. They are the tasks you expect and accept when you become a school-board member. It is the other load of straw that is breaking the camels' backs, and causing many board members to throw up their hands in despair. In fact, if something isn't done soon to relieve the financial burdens on local schools we are likely to have as lively an exodus from the ranks of trustees as we had from the teaching profession during and after the war.

And a good trustee is as important as a good teacher.

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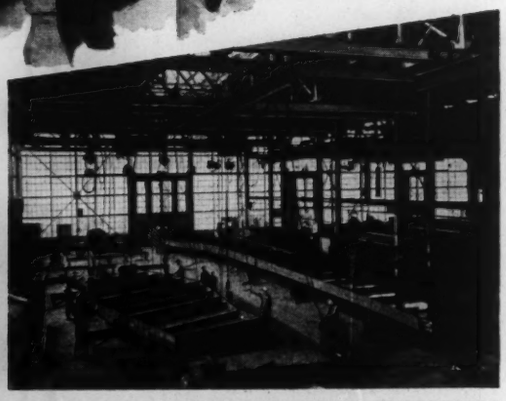

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

needed for the kind of "digging" which would make committee investigations thoroughly effective.

8. Finally, I think the hours of sitting should be revised. We should sit earlier in the day when members are fresher. But we should not reduce the forty-minute time limit on speeches. Many speeches would be improved by abbreviation, but this must be left to the discretion of individual members. To reduce the time limit would be dangerous in a House with so lopsided a Government majority.

Plan the Business

by Stanley Knowles
(CCF, Wpg.-N. Centre)

IN ANY discussion of the rules of the House of Commons, one must keep in mind the two aims which are recognized by all authorities as fundamental. On the one hand, the transaction of public business must be accomplished, and it is obviously desirable to do this without any unnecessary waste of time. On the other hand, it is equally important, as Bourinot puts it, "to protect a minority and restrain the improvidence or tyranny of a majority . . . to enable every member to express his opinion . . . to give abundant opportunity for the consideration of every measure, and to prevent any legislative action being taken upon sudden impulse."

A good deal of the clamor for changes in the rules we follow in the House of Commons springs from the desire to shorten the sessions. Is that a sufficient object? Let it not be forgotten that there are many instances where the public good has been served by the persistence of members exercising their right to express their views on the floor of Parliament.

If I had to choose the more important of the two aims set out above, I would say that it is of primary importance to protect the right of the people of Canada to be heard in Parliament, through the members of their choice, whether those members support or oppose the government of the day. Indeed, I believe we would have a healthier democracy if more members participated in the debates in the House of Commons than is normally the case.

Similarly, I believe the atmosphere of Parliament would be improved if the work of the session could be planned, and if the members could be given the details of such planning well in advance. Dr. Beauchesne has suggested that each year's session might be divided into three periods of two or three months each, and that the business of Parliament might be divided and each item of business allotted to one of these three periods. Provided arrangements are preserved so that grievances can be raised and emergencies dealt with, I believe that such a plan should be tried.

The usual reply to a request for some planning in the work of a session is that any plan would be upset by too many members exercising their right to speak and thus prolonging a debate beyond the time anticipated.

Does this mean that the length of any particular debate should be limited? The objections to such a course here in Canada are very strong. Therefore, as an alternative I would suggest that just as in any two or three day convention it is the practice of most organizations to plan the business and provide that any matter not concluded within the allotted time is adjourned until the end of the convention and dealt with under "unfinished business," so we might consider adjourning until the end of the session, or the end of one of the periods thereof if Dr. Beauchesne's proposal were adopted, certain debates which the House finds it difficult to conclude within the allotted time.

The success of such a plan would depend, however, on the allotting of a reasonable length of time, preferably by agreement. Furthermore, it would have to be understood that there would be no adjourning until the end of the session of emergency legislation, such as compensation for loss due to foot and mouth disease, improvements in the war veterans' allowance, and like matters. But we could adjourn the debate on the address, the debate on the budget, a debate on a revision of the criminal code, and on other legislation of that type.

I believe that the changes I have suggested, taken together, would improve the atmosphere of the House of Commons, and expedite the handling of its business, without denying the right of members to be heard, and their right to give to Parliament, as is their duty, the benefit of their judgment.

Basic Difficulties

by Walter Harris
(L., Grey-Bruce)
Minister of Citizenship and Immigration

IS PARLIAMENT merely a debating society to which the Government pays no attention? Or is it the place where the liberty of the subject is protected and where Ministers can always be called to account for all their acts?

You will find Canadians hopelessly divided about these questions, but you'll also find them firmly convinced that whatever it is supposed to be, Parliament isn't doing the job smoothly and efficiently. And Parliament's critics aren't all outside Parliament. For the past 12 years there has been more general agreement in the House of Commons on the subject of the necessity for a revision of the Rules of Procedure of the House than there has been about anything else.

Such widespread agreement should have brought results long ago, but it hasn't. Members of the Government and their supporters are impatient to "get on with the business of the country." Opposition parties are insistent on the same thing, but each has in mind his particular idea of what the country's business is, and the two are seldom the same.

The basic difficulty is the length of the session; if the session lasted but three months, as it did in the past, there would not be much demand for change, but there is something wrong when this Parliament has been in session in Ottawa 60 per cent of the time since it was elected almost three years ago.

In examining the weakness of Parliament everyone agrees there should be a saving of time, but when discussion begins as to the means of saving time it has so far been impossible to obtain any agreement on how to do it.

The present procedure in the House dates from 1926, but it is essentially the procedure of 1870 when sessions lasted 2 or 3 months and one could take the time to be a Member.

In truth all Members would like to shorten the sessions. Most Members believe it could be done if a fixed time were allotted for debate on particular subjects. Long ago the United Kingdom Parliament found it necessary to limit the days for consideration of the Estimates (26 days for about 4 billion pounds as compared with an average in Canada, not fixed, of 23 days for about 4 billion dollars.

Most Members think that except for special occasions, or when Ministers and their chief critics are speaking, 30-minute speeches instead of 40 would reduce the time of the House and not spoil the level of the debate.

Many Members believe that the report of the sub-Committee of Procedure in 1947 contained useful recommendations for improvements in our methods.

Why are not some of these changes made?

The Government and most Liberal Members would certainly welcome any reasonable plan to shorten the time required to do public business.

But any Government hesitates to mobilize its majority to make changes in the rules of Parliament which are designed not so much to get the business done as to protect minorities and to preserve individual freedom.

And so far it has not been possible to get agreement on any proposals for saving time or streamlining procedure —as the United Kingdom Parliament did years ago.

NO ONE—certainly no Liberal—wants to take away anyone's real freedom or the right of any Member to question or criticize or oppose the Government. But those rights could be preserved and probably strengthened if we had better rules and in some cases shorter debates and a regular timetable which gave Parliament a chance to decide questions by their votes after a reasonable time had been allowed for discussion.

Canada has grown up constitutionally, industrially, financially and in nearly every other way. Parliament has a bigger job to do and should grow up so as to discharge its responsibilities.

The principle must be—preserve the rights of Parliament—preserve the privileges and opportunities of the Opposition to search into every act of every Minister and to criticize, amend and improve legislation—but also provide means for taking decisions so that public business can be done with dignity and dispatch.

There is no conflict between these objectives.

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BOOK REVIEWS

ON THE WINNING OF WARS

AFTER ALL. The autobiography of Sir Norman Angell—*British Book Service*—$3.75.

by John L. Watson

THE TERM "Norman Angellism" is no longer current among students of politics but a generation ago it signified a good deal; it was, in fact, a synonym for woolly and "unrealistic" thinking about international affairs—and all because the pundits had utterly failed to comprehend the meaning of a little book which had appeared half a dozen years before the outbreak of World War I.

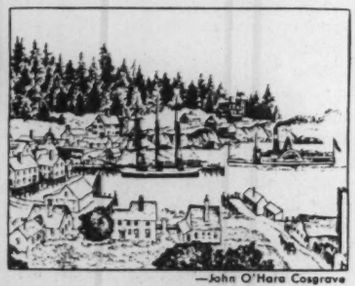
In 1908 the young editor of the Paris *Daily Mail* submitted to a number of London publishers a slim manuscript entitled "The Great Illusion"; it was a shrewd and reasonable treatise on the futility of modern war and the publishers were unanimous in their outright rejection of it. Finally it was published at the author's expense and copies were sent to every major literary critic in the country. For a long time nothing happened, then H. N. Brailsford gave the book a two-page review in *The Nation* and within 18 months it had been translated into more than 20 languages and was being read all over the civilized world.

Almost all the critics misinterpreted "The Great Illusion": Angell had written that since modern warfare meant economic ruin for all concerned, victor as well as vanquished, there was no longer any justification for it, even on the most Machiavellian grounds, and no nation in its right mind would resort to it.

The commentators misinterpreted the thesis, imagining that Angell had declared war to be impossible, whereas in truth he had merely held it to be unprofitable. 1914 gave the critics their cue and the laughter was long and loud, but by 1919 the shoe was on the other foot; in 1922 the author of "The Great Illusion" was awarded the Nobel Prize for his efforts in the cause of peace.

The episode of "The Great Illusion" is the core of a wonderfully honest and inspiring biography by one of the great political thinkers of this century. At 17 Norman Angell shook the dust of an ailing Europe from his feet and set out for the American West, where he worked for many years as farmer, cowboy and hard-rock miner. After his stint with the *Daily Mail* in Paris and the publication of his book, he became director of the Garton Foundation for the Study of International Polity.

From then on he devoted all his time, his energy and his genius to the cause of peace—with little success but with a practical and un-fanatical idealism that made him a great figure in the world and makes his autobiography a stimulating and encouraging book.


—John O'Hara Cosgrave
JACKET: "CANDLE FOR A STAR"

World Traveller

HOW TO TRAVEL INCOGNITO — by Ludwig Bemelmans—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.75.

by John Creed

THE COSMOPOLITAN raconteur describes a series of adventures in Paris and on the Riviera, writing in his usual style of sophisticated whimsy. Bemelmans is a master at describing believably the odd individuals who form the "international set" and his glimpses into restaurants, chateaux, gambling casinos and Paris mansions are fascinating.

The book is semi-fictional in that the author's incredible but hilarious anecdotes are sandwiched between his accurate and poetic descriptions of the environs of his story. The book is highly specialized but for those with the taste for Bemelmans' both fey and wistful writing, this is up to his usual standard.

The Early Urge

A CANDLE FOR A STAR—by Zoe Lund Schiller—*Macmillan*—$4.00.

by Hal Tracey

FLASHBACKS, sparingly and judiciously used, can be extremely effective in a novel, and Miss Schiller has brought the technique to perfection. Her story of Duncan MacGregor, pioneer of the U.S. northwest, and his struggle to present a pageant reviewing the more innocuous portions of his somewhat shady past, has a stereoscopic quality that would have been impossible to achieve without the use of flashbacks.

The qualities that made opportunist Ducan MacGregor an "empire builder", his shrewdness, ability to size up people and to put an exact price tag on them, are revealed in the way he handles the temperamental crew of professionals and amateurs who put on the pageant in the new community theatre he has donated to his home town.

The reader gets a double look at Duncan's past — through the story told by the pageant, and through Duncan's own stream of consciousness, for he tells the story in the first person.

The pageant leads Duncan to face up to the fact that he is not much more than a glorified carpet-bagger, even though he has made three fortunes and lost two, and has practically built the town of Fremont single-handed.

And yet the story, in stripping Duncan's self-delusions from him, also reveals the indomitable spirit that made him and all the other hungry fortune-hunters, intent on making a fast buck, unwitting builders of a great empire.

—Spencer Collection
FROM "THE CHAIR IN CHINA"

Ancient Riddle

AGES IN CHAOS—by Immanuel Velikovsky—*Doubleday*—$5.25.

by B. K. Sandwell

MR. VELIKOVSKY has a gift for making amazing discoveries and arguing for them with terrific conviction.

In "Worlds in Collision" he was perhaps a little out of his territory when he ascribed the great catastrophes of pre-history to the misbehavior of Venus before she settled down to become a planet. But in the present volume his suggestion that the currently accepted datings of the records of Egypt and Israel have been wrongly connected, and that the Exodus "Plagues of Egypt" are identical with the plagues recorded in the Ipuwer papyrus is supported with a staggering wealth of coincidence, and will have to be examined carefully by all future historians of the period. Incidentally it enables also to put together Solomon's Queen of Sheba and the Hatshepsut of the Deir el Bahari bas-reliefs as one and the same person.

The extraordinary indignation of the scientists over "Worlds in Collision" now seems to have been due to Mr. Velikovsky's habit of taking his case to the common reader instead of laying before the appropriate learned society, as protocol obviously requires. The historians will probably be equally angry, for the same reason, about "Ages in Chaos."

Canadians may take a special interest in the fact that the El Amarna tablets, which were translated by our own S.A.B. Mercer of Trinity, are among the documents most heavily drawn upon.

Outpost of Time

PALOMAR — by Helen Wright — *Macmillan* — *$4.50.*

by John Bishop

"THIS great new window to the stars will bring us into touch with those outposts of time and space which have beckoned from immemorial ages . . . This telescope is the lengthened shadow of man at his best. It is man on tiptoe, reaching for relevancy and meaning, tracing with eager finger the outlines of order and law by which his little life is everywhere surrounded."

So spoke Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick on June 3, 1948, the day of dedication of the world's largest telescope, at the Palomar Observatory. The dreamer and planner of the great 200-inch instrument was astronomer George Ellery Hale, whose vision had already made possible the Yerkes Observatory (40-inch telescope, largest refracting-type in existence) and the Mount Wilson Observatory (neighbor of the Palomar) with its 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors. His last dream took a painful but sublime period of 30 years to win fruition; unfortunately the man who did most to bring it to reality died years before the great day of dedication.

Helen Wright, author of the excellent "Sweeper in the Sky" has been spending several years in preparing the official biography of Hale. Her delvings into original source materials for this purpose have put her in a unique position for the writing of "Palomar", which is more than simply the story of the now famous observatory and the events leading up to its construction. She traces briefly the history of telescopes from Galileo on, outlines poignantly the hundreds of headaches and heartaches that went into the planning and execution of the Palomar giant, tells us in not-too-technical language just how the telescope is used, and gives us some idea of its astounding success as a pusher-forward of man's frontiers.

Writers & Writing

TWO experiences, recently, pointed up for us, the stimulation there is for writers in savoring the flavor of words.

For the first time, in Toronto, we saw the much-discussed play "The Cocktail Party". Although we had read it, only in hearing the living words from the stage did the T. S. Eliot syntax impress us. The free verse flowed in that apparently effortless manner that marks the work of true artists.

For the first time, too, we learned about the way the author of the "Jalna" series and other books and plays "tastes" her words. We were at a dinner party with Mazo de la Roche, Canada's First Lady of Letters. Always, it seems incredible that this fragile, shy person has turned out so many books. Miss Caroline Clement, cousin, and foster sister, was also a guest. This sprightly, feminine, clever woman has devoted her life to the author; insists she shows none of the temperament associated with the highly gifted.

"All she asks for is two hours a day when she can be alone and quiet."

However, there is much work after the work of writing when the two women read aloud every chapter as Miss de la Roche finishes it. Afterwards, more readings. When galley proofs start coming in, again, that savoring of writing flavoring. Maybe one reason people find these Canadian books entertaining reading?

■ McClelland & Stewart gave a tea for Doris Hedges, author of "Dumb Spirit", who has been here from Montreal. They are handling the book, a fantasy published in England, in Canada. Mrs. Hedges tells us that the English publishers saw no reason to change the subtitle "A Novel of Montreal".

"Dumb Spirit", that tongue-in-cheek reincarnation writing job has brought at least two new, lovable characters into our fiction: Waldo, worldly, irreverent spaniel puppy who had once been a war hero and Paul, clean-cut Canadian "gentleman". All other characters are not charming. Mrs. Hedges has a gift for the sharp pen nib on the social scene.

The author is working on another book, meantime, slowing up on her short story and radio work.

■ The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology have published a singularly satisfying, graceful little book "The Chair in China" by Louise Hawley Stone.

There is a paucity of source material on the art of cabinet making in China. Mrs. Stone has done much research to assemble her material. She says that the pieces of Chinese furniture available to-day reveal such distinction in execution and design that they stimulate further investigation so this may be but the forerunner of more on this subject. Incidentally, one of the most significant archaeological finds relating to development of the chair in China is a small red bronze in the Royal Ontario Museum; showing a figure seated in a chair: said to have come from North Honan.

—Rica

With Open Mind

LETTERS FROM AMERICA—by Alistair Cooke —*Clarke, Irwin*—*$3.00.*

by Bernard Keble

MR. COOKE, BBC correspondent in the United States, is the kind of Englishman who can see the good and the less good points about American life without getting too steamed up about either of them, since both are the results of natural forces far beyond American control.

This book is an editing of some 40 of his "talks" to the British public. Canadians will understand the United States—even the parts they know—much better for reading it. Americans will feel grateful for being so well understood. Everybody will like the many human touches—the anecdotes and illustrative incidents—that make it entertaining.

His method is not unlike that of H. V. Morton. He can dramatize Third Avenue, New York, and a Hopi village in Arizona equally well, with ten lines of description and two revealing stories. And he is not fed up about anything, even radio.

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FILMS

EDITORIAL APPROACH

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE editorial department is beginning to encroach rather heavily on the screen these days, with producers falling back on public homiletics to fill in or round out their familiar plots. Occasionally this tendency gets out of hand and the resulting film sounds like an editorial illustrated by violence rather than an action film with marginal editorial comments.

Something of the sort appears to have happened to "Deadline-U.S.A." starring Humphrey Bogart. Mr. Bogart is a metropolitan editor here and for a busy man he has to spend an unconscionable amount of time describing the rights and duties of the press. This is a sound subject, but it seems to get a rather loose interpretation in "Deadline-U.S.A." As Editor Bogart sees it, it is the duty of the press to act as a department of the FBI and even to capture and intimidate witnesses when it is necessary to get a signed confession. The right of the press to act as a private instrument of justice is another subject, but the film doesn't go into it here—fortunately, since there is quite enough debate as it is.

It seems that the paper Editor Bogart gets out is about to be bought and killed off by a venal rival that has no scruples about enlivening its front page with the picture of a drowned blonde in a mink coat. This prospect stimulates the editor into a final crusade against Gangster Rienzi (Martin Gabel) who runs the city and is also responsible for the bumping off of the blonde. Rienzi is determined to keep the blonde's brother, a material witness, out of the news and when the paper captures him three of Rienzi's zealous helpers invade the pressroom, shoot the witness and drop his body right into the next edition as it goes to press. There is plenty of excitement of this sort in "Deadline-U.S.A.," once the rhetoric has been cleared away, but most of it is familiar sensationalism.

As the editor, Humphrey Bogart is manly, though glum, with none of the unconventional surprises that made him such a pleasure to watch in "The African Queen". Kim Hunter plays the editor's divorced wife, and Ethel Barrymore gives her usual Queen-Dowager performance as the publisher's widow.

"MISS JULIE," screen version of Strindberg's "Lady Julia" reflects faithfully its author's famous pessimism regarding love, marriage, and human behavior in general. Miss Julie (Anita Björk) is the daughter of a Swedish Count and a lady whose high-minded feminism makes her reluctant to go through a marriage ceremony. Eventually the Count persuades her to take the conventional step, but the old-fashioned propriety of this outrages the lady so deeply that with all the guests assembled she burns the house down.

All this, and a great deal more, revealed in flashback, accounts for the subsequent misbehavior of Miss Julie.

—20th Century-Fox

"DEADLINE U.S.A."

Jilted by her fiancé after a display of bad temper she sets off in pursuit of the Count's valet (Ulf Palmi), and is promptly seduced. Given the author's relentless attitude to all his characters, the disastrous ending is inevitable.

Fortunately the deep Scandinavian gloom of the Strindberg story is made almost continuously luminous by the presence of Anita Björk, a vivid young actress who handles the complex and tragic role of Julie with sure understanding and poignancy. Ulf Palmi too gives an exceptional performance, at once virile and cringing, as the loutish valet. The director has made skilful use of a technique that blends memory and action, so that Julie's tragedy merges inseparably with the past that gave it direction. The picture itself is a curious blend of past and present, a drama out of another century that sacrifices little of its period identity to modern treatment.

"BELLES on Their Toes" picks up the events in the lives of the Gilbreth family described a season or two ago in "Cheaper by the Dozen". Father Gilbreth (Clifton Webb) is of course absent—he died of a heart attack in the earlier film—but Mother Gilbreth (Myrna Loy) carries on valiantly as an Efficiency Engineer, and finally gets her family of twelve safely launched. The picture concerns itself to a large extent with the oddities of the period when people danced the Charleston, the feminine waistline rode the hips, and college students modelled themselves on the cartoons of John Held Jr.

It's a gentle, wholesome film, full of romance and family jokes, and not much more stimulating than an evening with an old Girls' Own Manual. Jeanne Crain, Debra Paget, Edward Arnold and Hoagy Carmichael are the people involved.

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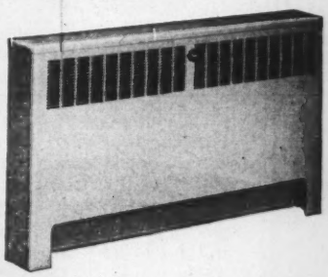

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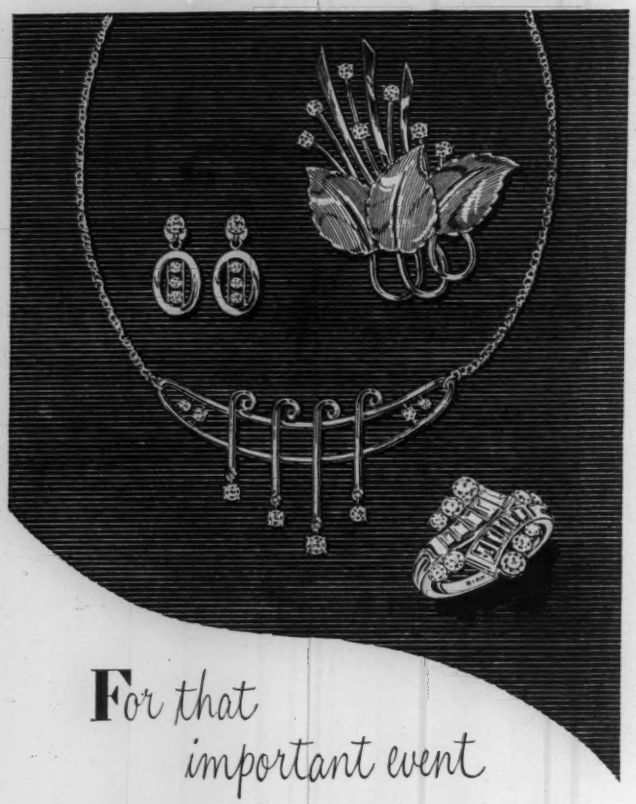

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CONCERNING FOOD

PRINCESS ALICE'S RECIPES

AT HEIGHT of the late and unlamented war a blue paper-covered booklet of unpretentious manners was produced by a group of well-known Halifax hostesses. Now out of print, it could be purchased then for $1 and was worth every cent. The booklet was, and is a fund of unusually interesting recipes — all contributed by the ladies themselves. Only non-Haligonian among the contributors is Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, at that time chatelaine of Government House at Ottawa, who contributed three of her favorite recipes for publication.

—Karsh

HRH PRINCESS ALICE

The project is still remembered with pardonable pride among Halifax women. Said Mrs. Sidney Oland recently, "The sale of these booklets brought the Atlantic War Fund Club of Halifax over $1,000. This with all our other war-work, helped towards sending 16 mobile canteens to England." Mrs. Oland, who has just returned from a trip to Peru and Cuba, was founder of the Atlantic War Fund Club. Colonel Oland, prominent in business and military circles, has the distinction of having served as ADC to three Governors General —the Earl of Bessborough, the late Baron Tweedsmuir and his successor, the Earl of Athlone.

Here is Princess Alice's recipe for—

White Devilled Chicken

½ pint cream
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 dessertsp. Harvey's sauce
1 dessertsp. mustard
Pepper and salt
½ tsp. castor sugar

Partly roast chicken (or pheasant). Cut into joints; place in fireproof dish.

Whip cream slightly. Add other ingredients and whip till firm. Pour over chicken and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Serve immediately, or sauce sinks. Should cover the meat entirely like a soufflé.

Her Royal Highness' recipe for—

Princess Pudding

3 eggs
1 spoonful of apricot jam
Sugar to taste
Vanilla or lemon flavoring

Whip in an egg; hold over hot water for 20 minutes. Add 3 sheets of gelatine and ½ pint whipped cream. Put in a charlotte mould.

When quite cold turn out and serve with apricot or damson sauce, or even orange ice.

ONE OF MRS. OLAND'S contributions to the booklet is a recipe for oysters—delicious enough to make one yearn for the first "R" month.

Hot Casserole of Oysters

Mince 1 medium-sized onion and sauté very slowly with 3 to 4 tablespoons of butter for 10 minutes. Then add 1 cup of peeled and chopped mushrooms and cook slowly 10 minutes. Smooth in 1 tablespoon of flour, then add 1 cup light cream, and ½ cup of liquor made by cooking baby mushrooms, stems and peelings in ¾ cup of water. Do not allow to boil. Add 2 tablespoons of sherry or ½ glass white wine, also seasonings of salt and cayenne. Put 18 large oysters in a casserole, pour over the sauce you have made and 2 tablespoons of extra oyster liquor (unless the whole is too liquid). Top with crumbs and dabs of butter and bake 15 to 20 minutes.

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■ A $1,500 Fellowship winner is GEORGINA HARPER of Hamilton, Ont. The Fellowship is by the Eastern Canada Region of the American Federation of Soroptomist Clubs; study is in gerontology. Awardee Harper, a grad of McMaster and the University of Toronto, is Director of the Senior Club in Hamilton; has long shown an interest in problems connected with old age.

■ An award from the University of Ohio Institute for Education by Radio and TV went to GERTRUDE McCANCE and the Manitoba Department of Education. The award was based on the Manitoba broadcast series for schools, heard not only in that Province but also in Alberta and BC. Miss McCance is Director of School Broadcasts for the Department of Education.

COMMENT

FIFTY COME — FIFTY GO

by Bernice Coffey

THE OTHER DAY a quiet-mannered man in a conservative blue suit, stood before a roomful of Toronto press people and made an announcement that will affect 50 unknown teen-age girls living in various parts of Canada. He is W. Garfield Weston, Canadian-born industrialist, who neither drinks or smokes, has six daughters and three sons, and owns 132 plants plus sundry farms, ranches and fruit plantations which did $500 million worth of business last year.

Because he feels strongly about the need for understanding between countries Mr. Weston launched an exchange of student groups between Great Britain and Canada several years ago. At that time the Weston Tours, as they since have become known, were for boys. But for reasons which Mr. Weston attributes in part to feminine influence at home, but mostly because there are other similar opportunities for boys but none for girls and because "the girls dig deeper into fundamentals" and are more effective ambassadors when they return to home base, the Tours are now confined to girls.

The five-week Tours are two-way affairs—with 50 English girls coming to Canada and 50 Canadian girls going to England.

Next Tour takes off in 1953, Coronation year, and the 50 Canadian girls still to be selected will arrive in London in time to occupy ringside seats at the event. Selection of Mr. Weston's Canadian guests is in the hands of the Canadian Education Association, representing the ten provinces. Nominations are made across the country by school principals. Girls chosen are 16 or 17 at time of the tour and selectors look for responsible, observant girls who will communicate to others the things they have seen and learned on the trip.

Qualifications have been left fairly elastic so that the group represents an economic and social cross-section. There are, of course, no racial or religious restrictions. The group is headed by a woman of distinction. Last year the Canadian leader was Dr. Muriel Roscoe, Dean of Women at McGill. And in his role of temporary parent to 100 girls, Mr. Weston even provides an outfit for each girl.

Mr. Weston's purpose is to foster international understanding, and we find it difficult to imagine a happier way of nurturing this all too tender plant.

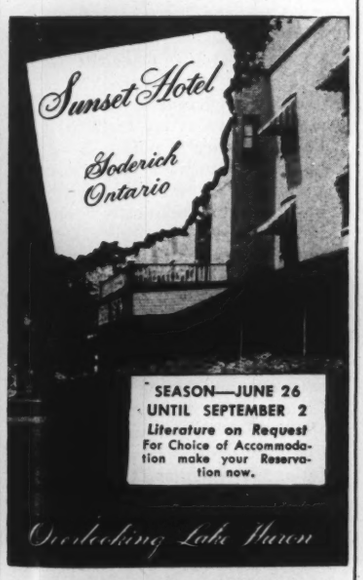
IF THE WEIGH-SCALES have had nothing but bad news for you lately you might, as we did, profitably ponder some bleak but undeniable facts and figures. We found them in the most recent edition of the Red Cross "Food Facts."

You must walk 1½ miles to use up the calories in 1 ice cream cone; 4 miles to use up the calories in 1 chocolate bar; 2½-3 miles to use up the calories in 1 doughnut; 6 miles to use up the calories in 1 piece of mince pie; 1 mile to use up the calories in 1 glass of ginger ale or soft drink.

The death rate among those 15-34% underweight is 913 per 100,000; among those 5-14% underweight it is 833. For those of normal weight the rate is 844 per 100,000. Among those 5-14% overweight the rate leaps to 1,027 per 100,000. For those 15-24% overweight the rate leaps again to 1,215, and among those 25% or more overweight the rate soars to 1,472 per 100,000.

About the "easy" ways of getting rid of excessive poundage: Bath salts, says "Food Facts" firmly, dissolve the budget — nothing more. Laxatives cause internal irritation. Thyroid and other potent drugs are dangerous. As for gland trouble, it's the cause in a few cases of overweight only.

So if you crave a figure that is the ideal of fashion and the mortality tables, too, (5-14% underweight), watch your diet. Diet, "Food Facts" assures us, will scale down the pounds if you stay with it and if it's the right diet.



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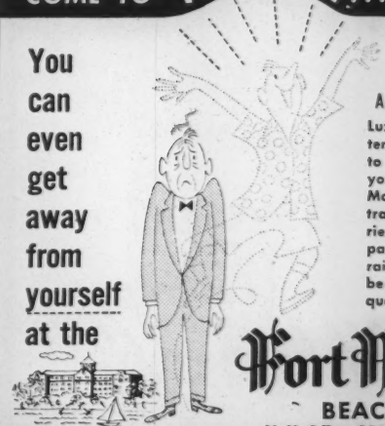

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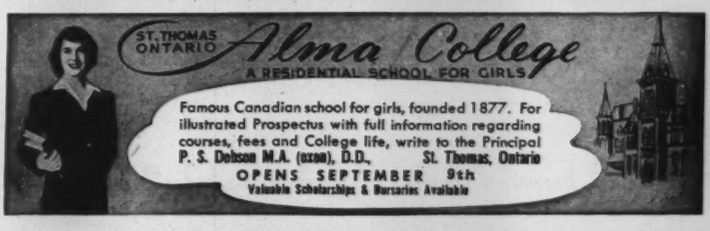
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WOMAN'S WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

about $375 capital investment. That means that Canada's kitchen industry has a total invested capital of over $1,200 million. Now put a restaurant value on the meals prepared in that kitchen, and the product-output value hits $2 billion a year. The pulp and paper industry figures its capital investment at $670 million, output at $340 million a year.

And the Canadian homemaker doesn't spend her full day at home. She is out learning more about the world she lives in, discovering new horizons in religious, political and charitable movements.

Every town and hamlet is jam-packed with worthwhile activities, all existing on woman-power. In church affairs, women have gone far beyond the basket of food on the doorstep. Last year the Toronto branch of the Canadian Unitarian Churches collected, packed and forwarded 12½ tons of clothing and shoes to the needy of Europe. As well they raised $3000 in funds for the Unitarian Homes in Europe, which shelter maimed and helpless children. "Strawberry-social" thinking is dead; international thinking has replaced it.

Clubwomen volunteer as nurses' aides, set up day nurseries, sponsor cancer detection clinics, and run mental health classes. These groups agitate for town libraries, traffic regulations and better schools.

AS TO POLITICS, Canada's women are still learning the ropes. As Miss Helen Kinnear, QC, county court judge in Cayuga, Ontario, put it: "All that women in politics have done in the past is to work to get men into Parliament." But there is a new breeze a-stirring, and politically conscious women are joining forces with the avowed intention of getting more women into public office.

Woman's outlook has broadened tremendously in a few short years.

And let's not tip-toe by granny's room either. Because she isn't there. She's out and doing many of the activities we've touched on.

With such glamorous grandmothers setting the pace as Eleanor Roosevelt, Marlene Deitrich, and Canada's Claire Wallace, one must move fast to keep up with the modern matron.

Nor are today's busy women neglecting their homes. They are keen for ways to save time, and save themselves. They buy pre-cooked foods, ready-mixes, no-rinse soaps and kitchen gadgets. More and more, marketing is becoming a once-a-week affair, and one-stop shopping the convenient habit. Our standard of cleanliness is getting higher every year, if you can believe the per capita soap sales. And often it is the wife's money that buys the labor-saving home equipment.

These days, everything is moving fast; and woman's role is rapidly changing, too.

In Canada today, women are working harder, at more varied tasks, and getting more out of life than their grandmothers — or their mothers — ever did.

A man's world? Not any more!

LIGHTER SIDE

SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"APART from the mantel the room is perfect," Mrs. Jopling said.

The new living room was pure Victorian, with high walls elaborated with plaster cornices and windows that ran from floor to ceiling. The mantel, however, was a horror, a vast bullying structure that had obviously been added later by some Edwardian who needed to flatter his sense of scale and solvency. "I'll just have to wait until I get exactly the right thing," Mrs. Jopling said.

As it turned out she found exactly the right thing within a week.

She had turned in to investigate an old house that was being wrecked down the street. It was a depressing old place and she had very little hope of discovering in it anything to meet her taste. And then in the denuded upstairs library she found it—a marble mantel-piece, light yet solid, wonderfully simple, beautifully balanced. She sought out the wrecking agent on the floor below and bought the mantel on the spot.

The agent had assured her he would telephone her as soon as the man got round to dismantling the library. After waiting a week she began to worry. Then one afternoon when she was setting out a dwarf alyssum border it occurred to her suddenly that the agent hadn't given her a receipt. He had simply slipped the money in his pocket and there was nothing in the world to prevent his selling her mantel all over again to the first treasure hunter who came along. Pausing only to drop her trowel Mrs. Jopling hurried down the street to investigate.

THE place was deserted but the mantel itself lay on the front lawn, neatly assembled around the fire-basket. It was still safe, but it clearly couldn't be left exposed like that, a challenge to any wandering scrap-collector. She tested the weight of the fire-basket, set it down again and sighing pushed back a lock of hair, leaving a trail of ancient soot across her forehead.

She was aware that someone had come out of the house opposite and was standing on the sidewalk watching her, but she was too preoccupied to give the visitor any attention. The marble backing slats would have to be salvaged first, she decided, and picking up a stained newspaper she began a careful wrapping of the pieces.

She was interrupted by a cough from the sidewalk and glancing up met the gaze of an elderly gentleman. He was brushed and clipped and he wore an important-looking overcoat and carried a cane. At the same instant Mrs. Jopling's imagination flashed a disconcerting image of herself — in garden slacks and her daughter's old saddle-shoes and headkerchief. Happily she was unaware of the streak of soot across her forehead.

"May I ask," he inquired, "if you have permission for removal?"

Never in her cherished life had Mrs. Jopling encountered such a look of fierce hostility and suspicion. Her own temper rose to meet it. She stared at him coldly a moment, then continued her wrapping.

"May I inquire," the visitor continued, stabbing with his stick, "what you intend to do with those pieces?"

"I'm thinking of starting a pet cemetery," Mrs. Jopling snapped and gathering her bundle went past him and up the street. Half-way home she glanced back, and he had disappeared. She hurried into her own house to telephone Emergency Cartage.

THE mantel, finally installed, was a great success. "I intend to spend all my time in front of it, wearing a crinoline and reading 'Locksley Hall'," Mrs. Jopling said.

Actually she was reading "A Gun for Sale" the evening Mr. Fulton called. Fortunately she was wearing her new daytime-through-evening dress, which was suitably crinolined and went attractively with the room.

Mr. Jopling led in Mr. Fulton who introduced himself and said he represented the local Property Owner's Association. During the housing shortage, he explained, it had been necessary to let down restrictions and allow some of the fine old local homes to be used as rooming houses. Now that the shortage had eased the Association wanted the restrictions restored.

Mrs. Jopling assured him of their interest and Mr. Fulton lingered on for some time, while everyone relaxed in the shared genial atmosphere of property owners. As he rose to go Mrs. Jopling said audaciously, "I do hope you admire my new mantelpiece."

He agreed that it was a fine old piece and added that few people these days appreciated the value of things of that sort. "Do you know I saw a fine mantel thrown out on the lawn of that old house they were wrecking down the street," he said. "When I happened to look some woman, obviously a scrap-collector was carting it away in pieces. By the time I got the police she had got away with the whole mantel."

"Good Heavens!" said Mrs. Jopling and demurely spread her crinoline.

"Well what are you grinning to yourself about?" Mr. Jopling said a little later, after Mr. Fulton left.

"Oh nothing," Mrs. Jopling said, "but isn't it wonderful what sweet music we old property owners make together!"

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PORTS OF CALL

THE BARGAIN-LAND OF BEAUTY

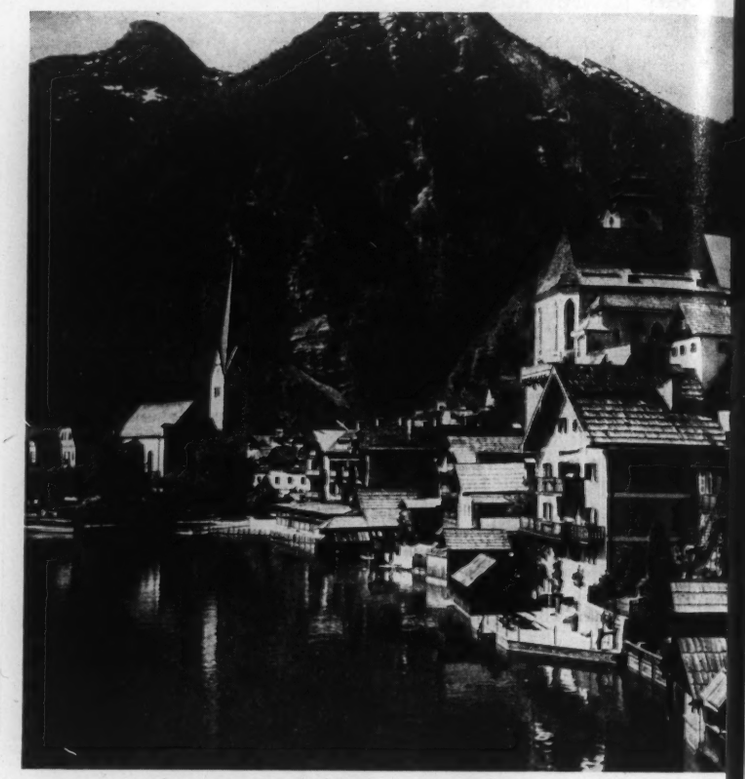
by Virginia Creed

ROMANTIC AUSTRIA is away up at the top of the list as a travel goal for vacationers crossing the Atlantic, early, late and in the high season. For this little country, which boasts some of the world's most dramatically beautiful scenery and is dotted from border to border with ancient towns, pretty villages, palaces, castles, the assorted attractive relics of a great imperial past and evidences of a vital present, continues to be one of the most inexpensive places to spend a holiday.

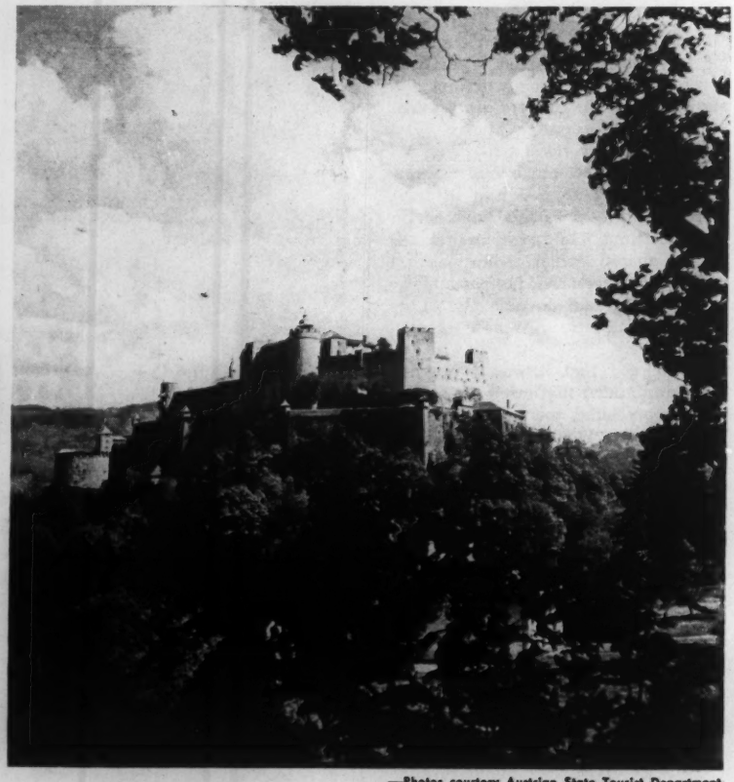
Austria is gay and beautiful, the charm of her people is proverbial and you always have a good time there, but Austria is also clean and comfortable. Austrian wine is good and Austrian food is not exotic. Besides, it is all very, very cheap.

YOU CAN stay in a small place in Austria, in good accommodations, for from $2 a day up. You can stay in a fashionable place, in the high season, if you book far enough in advance, for $4 a day. It is hard to spend more than $10 in the most popular of international spas in the peak of the season. These rates include both board and meals. You can eat a full-course lunch or dinner — they are both major meals of many courses in Austria—for from 75c to $1 in the best restaurants. Transportation is inexpensive too.

The Alpine provinces of the west and south are scattered with merry resorts and old towns. A single circuit from Lake Constance to Vienna takes in all the highlights, allowing detours into such side valleys as the Montafon in Vorarlberg, with its quaintly costumed people, the Oetz and the Ziller in Tyrol. The southern route over the Gross Glockner High Alpine Road leads to the lake resorts of Carinthia, Austria's sunny south. A detour from Salzburg takes in the fashionable lake region of the Salzkammergut.



LOVELY AND ANCIENT HALLSTATT WITH ITS LAKE



—Photos courtesy Austrian State Tourist Department

HOHENSALZBURG FORTRESS IN MOZART'S SALZBURG

The most popular stopping-off places with sightseers in all seasons are the provincial capitals: Innsbruck, which is especially rich in folk and Gothic art, Salzburg of Mozart and the prince-bishops, Graz, and, of course, Vienna. Leading the resorts is Badgastein, the spa with radioactive springs, St. Wolfgang, Kitzbuehel, Velden on the Woerther Lake. There is a new cure establishment at Schruns. All these are rapidly regaining their pre-war popularity.

SPORTING facilities exist everywhere. Lake bathing is best in the western provinces in high summer, but the Carinthia Lakes boast the warmest waters in Europe north of the Mediterranean, so you can bathe there late. Fishing and hunting are superb. There is golf in Carinthia and at the Achensee in Tyrol. The gayest folk festivals take place in all the larger villages in August and the fall months. Music festivals, Europe's best, are scheduled as follows: Bregenz, July 26-Aug. 17; Salzburg, July 26-August 31. The Trade Fair takes place in Vienna in September; Graz in October; the big textile fair at Dornbirn in Vorarlberg in July and August.

10.6 cu. ft. Cycla-matic De Luxe model. Also available in 9 cu. ft. size

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Cycla-matic Frigidaire

Thick, all-around insulation completely seals off food freezer from refrigerator

A wonderful new Food Freezer and Refrigerator combined!

New Levelcold! A startling new kind of cold—cold that's unaffected by outside temperatures—cold that won't "see-saw" up and down within freezer or refrigerator. Frozen foods won't thaw, fresh foods won't freeze—both get proper cold for proper storage!

New automatic response! Frigidaire automatically answers to changes in weather—reacts trigger-fast to heavy or light use—without setting a single dial or control. The Cycla-matic system rigidly controls cold in the Food Freezer—constantly regulates the flow of cold in the Cold-Wall chilling coils, and in the Refrig-o-plate—a device which helps cool the refrigerator, and also controls excess moisture.

New cold-making power! Levelcold—produced by the dependable Meter-Miser—keeps all foods safe, even in hottest weather. Tremendous reserve cold-making power means uniform temperatures always, regardless of outside temperatures. And you need never worry about the Meter-Miser—the simplest, yet most effective cold-making mechanism ever built. And only Frigidaire has it!

Here is your Food Freezer . . . where Levelcold keeps foods zero-zone safe!

Not an ordinary "freezing compartment"—but a real, completely insulated Food Freezer that keeps *all* frozen foods in tip-top condition for months. Has *no defrosting heating devices* to melt ice cream, to thaw out or "mush" other frozen foods. Foods always stay store-fresh, store-clean, easy to use!

Here is your Refrigerator . . . with new "Roll-to-You" shelves that put all food at your finger tips! →

What wonderful convenience! Every shelf rolls out full length—easily, quickly, silently—on satin-smooth nylon rollers. No more "hide-and-seek" with back-shelf foods. Pull-out Hydrators, too—sliding utility tray—even storage space on the door. More food within easy reach than in any other refrigerator made!

A completely automatic Refrigerator . . . with new Cycla-matic Defrosting!

This newest kind of defrosting is doubly effective, because it's tied in with positive moisture control, to end the twin annoyances of dripping walls and manual defrosting. The Refrig-o-plate—and its refrigerated coils—attracts all excess moisture within the refrigerator. Then, as soon as the filmiest veil of frost appears, it's banished—like magic—without clocks, counters, timers or heaters. Simplest defrosting system known—and only Frigidaire has it.

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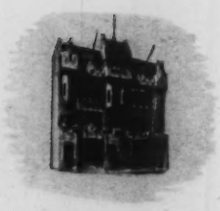

"Say 'Canada' and you think of sparkling clear air; of swift-running waters; of sun-drenched farms and orchards. It seems only natural, then, that there should be an especially clean taste to so many of the good things from this favoured land."

* * *

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe, and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian scenes and Canadian food specialties. They are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

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